PRIVATE EYE

PRICE SLASHED TO 90p!

90p

No. 828
Friday
10 Sept. '93

MIDDLE EAST LATEST

Five Sugars Please
the new book
available now at all
good bookshops
£8.99

Saint and Blurry
CD and cassette
on the Hannibal
label, distribution
Revolver/Apt

management presents

John Hegley

New book, new record, big drawing

with
accompaniment
from
Nigel

September

18 Swansea, Grand Theatre
19 Burnley, Burnley Mechanics
20 Lincoln, Theatre Royal
21 Manchester Comedy Festival
22 Reading, The Hexagon
23 Croydon, Ashcroft Theatre
30 Ipswich, Corn Exchange

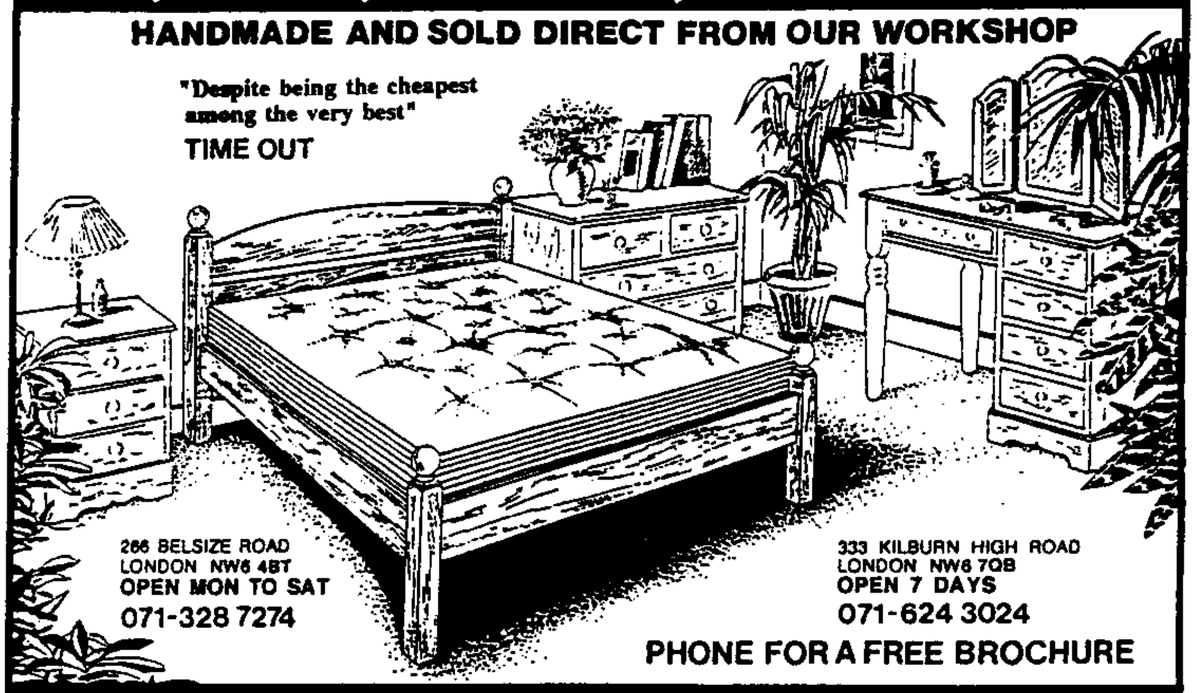
October

2 Newtown, Powys, Theatr Hafren
3 Watford, Palace Theatre
8 Brighton, Gardner Arts Centre
10 Leeds, City Varieties
11 Chester, Gateway Theatre
12 Liverpool, Neptune Theatre
13 Warrington, Parr Hall
15 Sheffield, Memorial Hall
16 Halifax, Victoria Theatre
20 Leicester, Phoenix Arts Centre
21 Middlesborough, Town Hall
23 Hull, Hull New Theatre
24 Wakefield, Opera House
25 Preston, Charter Theatre
27 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Playhouse
29 St Albans, Arena
30 Southport, Arts Centre

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP

"Despite being the cheapest among the very best"
TIME OUT



266 BELSIZE ROAD
LONDON NW6 4BT
OPEN MON TO SAT
071-328 7274

333 KILBURN HIGH ROAD
LONDON NW6 7QB
OPEN 7 DAYS
071-624 3024

PHONE FOR A FREE BROCHURE

BEDROOM FURNITURE NOW AVAILABLE AT TAURUS PRICES

CUBES
SHELVING
TRESTLES
DESKS ETC

Inexpensive cupboards, record units drawers, wardrobes & shelf systems beech, white, black for home or work
Mail-order catalogue or visit us at
CubeStore 58 Pembroke Road W8
081-994 6016 (24hrs) also in Suffolk

FUTON

EXPRESS

Double Sofa-Beds from **£99**

Colour Brochure

23/27 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB
Tel: 071-833 3945 10am-6pm Mon-Sat
Fast U.K. Del or Cash n' Carry

EYE EYE!!!

'K' REG DEMO SALE

All these cars must go

Peugeot 106 Graduate 5 dr	£6995
Peugeot 106 XN Plus	£6195
Peugeot 205 GTX	£7995
Peugeot 306 XR 1.6	£9995
Peugeot 309 Style D 5 dr	£8495
Peugeot 405 GR 1.6	£8495
Peugeot 605 SRi Auto	£12995
Peugeot 605 SR 3.0 manual	£13495

For more details on these cars and many others, call

0494 792222
ROY CHAPMAN LTD

Which UNSPOILT GREEK ISLAND

SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays, varied watersports, azure seas, lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote, tranquil, serene beauty.
SKIATHOS Cosmopolitan. Beautiful beaches, fun. Watersports galore. Fantastic nightlife.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas, local nightlife.
HALKI Magical, charming, unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered, unspoilt, unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

QUALITY SELF-CATERING VILLAS & APARTMENTS ON THE LESSER KNOWN TRADITIONAL ISLANDS
It's all in our amazingly honest brochure
062 982 4881 (24hrs) Sunday 10.30 - 5pm
ATOL 1424 ABTA 39570
LASKARINA LTD Holidays
The Specialist Tour Operators to Greece

THE ESTABLISHED EVENING MBA IN THE CITY

The City University Evening MBA Programme provides the internationally recognised MBA qualification in the most flexible and high quality way.
Having a successfully established format of two evenings a week over two years, plus occasional weekend workshops and overseas teaching weeks, the programme is designed to allow participants to continue their careers uninterrupted.
With a high concentration on internationalism and the management of change the top quality lecturers and guest speakers help ensure that the latest techniques and thinking are always applied. Often this experience can be put into practice the next day.
In order to apply for a brochure and further information on the places still available for the next intake call 071 477 8606.

CITY University
BUSINESS SCHOOL

071 477 8606

THE CLINK PRISON MUSEUM

HAVE YOUR PARTY IN THE CLINK
BOOKING NOW FOR CHRISTMAS
TEL 071-403 6515
FAX 071-403 5813
CLINK ST. LONDON BRIDGE LONDON SE1

MR FURY

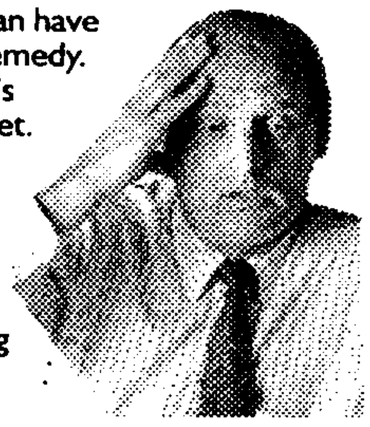
is on the line

For a great practical Joke put him through to a mate and wait for the fireworks
If you've got a sense of humour
call: 0338 422 400

FF P.O.Box 1572 Wilts BA12 9XJ
Other services promoted initially Calls charged at 36p per min cheap rate. 48p per min at all other times.

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ **UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters** ■ **Body Wires and Wire Taps** ■ **Radio and Computer Controlled Systems** ■ **Specialist Receivers & Recorders** ■ **Recording and Transmitting Briefcases** ■ **Counter Surveillance Equipment.**

LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
081-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS

VISA AMERICAN EXPRESS

04/2754

For the best coverage of the Grandmasters, read ours.

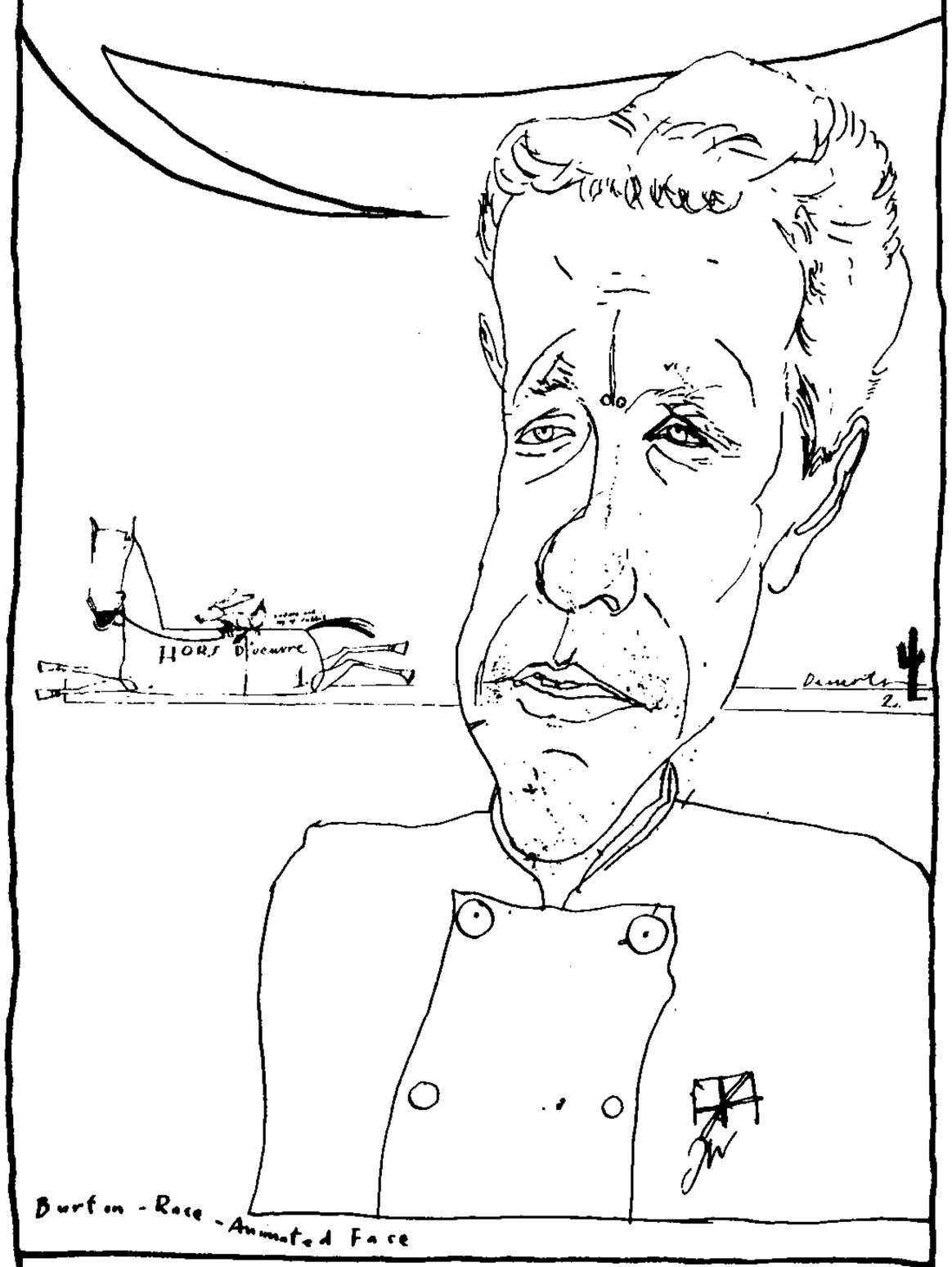
When Nigel Short and Garry Kasparov start fighting it out for the World Chess Championship, our Grandmaster, Raymond Keene, will be on the spot to bring you reports and interviews every day based on his exclusive access to the two contenders.

The Times Chess Correspondent is a former British Champion and Olympic bronze medallist in chess. He's written more chess books than anyone else in the world.

He'll capture the winning moves, the champions' own thoughts and the atmosphere of the battle for you, only in The Times.

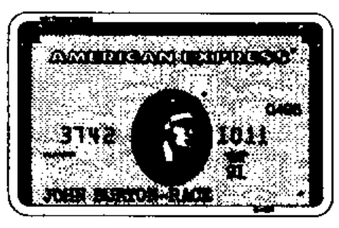
THE TIMES

I've only ever REALLY been satisfied by two[2] or three[3] dishes in my life.



L'Ortolan restaurant.
American Express Cardmembers welcomed since 1987.
John Burton-Race, Chef. Cardmember since 1991.

That'll do nicely. →



HE WAS TOO YOUNG TO LOVE...

Caught in a web of passion, Woody Macallan faces his toughest test!

IL BALCONE

Their virtue is your reward

AT SELECTED CINEMAS SHORTLY

*Tempted by her 70cl charms – can he hold on to his **10 Year Vow** of chastity?!!*

...BUT DESIRE WAS MAKING HER DESPERATE

The **MACALLAN.** *The* **MALT.**

A MACALLAN MALT WHISKY PRODUCTION

Gnome

THE WAVE of criticism that has greeted the relaunch of my satellite broadcasting network has greatly surprised me. With the honourable exception of all the newspapers I own, media critics have entirely missed the logic of my arguments.

For their benefit, therefore, I will repeat them once again.

1) GnomeSat is a tremendous force for good because it liberates the viewer from Government-controlled broadcasting organisations.

2) The BBC is a Government-controlled broadcaster.

3) The Government of Britain has been Conservative for the past 14 years.

4) The BBC has been consistently biased in favour of the Left.

5) My newspapers have always pointed this out, exposing the BBC as a nest of pinkoes.

6) My newspapers have always supported the Conservative Government. Indeed my whole organisation is committed to the Conservative Government.

7) Therefore a concentration of broadcasting in my hands will inevitably mean more political freedom.

8) Er...

9) Er...

10) God bless you all.

You will have to concede there is no answer to this.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
British GnomeSat
Broadcasting
137th and 94th
New York
New York

PRIVATE EYE

6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
071-437 4017. Fax: 071-437 0705.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£15 per annum. Europe and Eire £22
Elsewhere: Surface £22 Air £28
Cheques/POs to Private Eye
Access/Visa
Private Eye Subscriptions
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill,
London SW11 1LE — 071-228 0588
Fax: 071-924 3719

COLOUR SECTION

NORMAN LAMONT disarmingly admits he owes a "debt" to N.M. Rothschild, the merchant bank.

He joined in 1968 after a short spell as personal assistant to the corrupt and racist former cabinet minister Duncan Sandys, and after two years at Tory central office. The "debt", apparently, is that the bank taught the bright young former president of the Cambridge Union all about the City of London.

Now Norman has gone back to Rothschilds, and the newspapers have had to guess at his salary. Some say £100,000 — but the *Eye*'s sources say it is only just more than half that. This is very mean, especially in view of the enormous amount of public money Rothschilds managed to slurp up from the privatisation trough.

Rothschilds was selected for part of the action in the privatisations or sale of government shares in British Telecom, Britoil, British Gas, Royal Ordnance, British Airways, Rolls Royce, British Airports Authority, British Petroleum, and British Steel, not to mention several regional water and electricity companies.

Most of these privatisations happened between 1986 and 1993, when Norman Lamont was a minister at the treasury where the banks and stockbrokers for privatisations are carefully selected.

Rothschilds must have been sad to lose its protegé from the chancellorship — but not too sad. Anthony Nelson is still economic secretary to the treasury. He was a scholar to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1966. After his three years there, he went on to work at a bank to find out all about the City. The bank's name you may by now have guessed: N.M. Rothschild.

How many millions did Rothschilds make out of all the privatisations it took part in? A fair question, perhaps, considering that the poor old taxpayer had to fork out the money.

John Major, another banker, was asked about this earlier this year in the Commons by Alan Rogers from the Labour frontbench. His startling reply we publish in full: "The fees paid are a matter of commercial confidentiality."

AND SO ON to another former chancellor who has been in the news: Lord (formerly Nigel) Lawson, who spoke on 31 August to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

His subject was the perfection of the market system, and he passionately urged the prime minister to stay loyal to free enterprise — praising especially the system's habit of coming up with very big incomes for brilliant and able people.

Lawson's speech got tremendous coverage in the free market press. Just to make sure, it was published four days later in full in Lawson's old newspaper, the *Financial Times*. But one example of the beauty of the free market curiously omitted from Lawson's speech was the GPA Group, run by Ireland's free market supremo, Heinz king Tony O'Reilly.

Lawson joined the GPA board in 1990, shortly before this high-flying (*geddit?*) aircraft leasing business was to be floated on the stock exchange. Why did Lawson join GPA? He had no special interest in aircraft leasing. The main explanation in the City was that he wanted to make a lot of money. This can surely not be true since he was already making a lot of money as a director of Barclays Bank (and flogging his memoirs).

Shareholders in GPA could assume that with such a master of the free market at the helm, GPA was in for a lucrative flotation. Then something started to go wrong. In spite of Lawson's confident forecasts while he was chancellor, there was a recession. This hit the aircraft leasing business badly, and GPA plunged into debt.

On 11 May this year a working party was set up to look at the implications of administration (the equivalent of receivership). The problem was the little matter of a £2 billion debt which GPA couldn't pay. So great was the debt, in fact, that it was better for the banks to keep the business going than to let it go bust. The resulting deal estimates the combined unpaid debt of GPA at $5.2 billion. Bondholders have been told they will be lucky to get 15 percent of the value of their stake in the firm.

On 30 August, the day before Lawson made his free enterprise speech, a tiny paragraph on the City pages reported the departure from GPA of three non-executive directors. The first was Sir John Harvey-Jones, the troubleshooter who excels in understanding what is wrong with industry. The second was the former prime minister of Ireland, Garret Fitzgerald. And the third was the Rt Hon Lord Lawson.

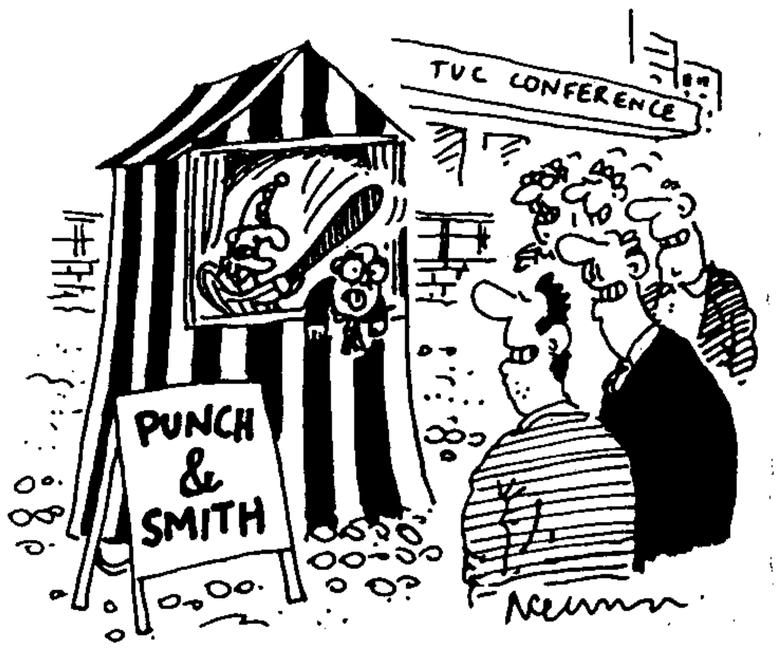
AS THE TUC kicks off the seaside conference season, the comrades' main concern will be to reverse the most serious decline in union membership since the general strike.

As a contribution to this process, the leadership of Usdaw, the shopworkers' union, has produced a statement entitled *Promoting Equal Opportunities — Tackling Racism* with the aim of recruiting ethnic minorities who work in this notoriously low-paid sector.

The document is paved with good intentions, such as the need to encourage many thousands of black members Usdaw *already has* to play a more active role in the union. But it is a little difficult to square these sentiments with the fact that two full-time officials have seen fit to take Usdaw to industrial tribunals complaining of... racial discrimination.

Asish Das, an Usdaw official based on Merseyside, took his employer to court claiming he was not shortlisted for a job in the union on the grounds of race. After lengthy litigation, Usdaw's lawyers admitted it was an "oversight" and duly paid Das £10,500 compensation last July. Usdaw's executive council trumpeted this settlement as "vindicating the union in regard to allegations that it was guilty of discrimination".

Das has since left to head the Merseyside Racial Equality Council, thus leaving the 300,000 strong Usdaw with *only one* black full-time official, Kevin McFadden. He is still pursuing a *separate* case against Usdaw and comment cannot be made until its conclusion. Nevertheless, the retail chain McFadden also acted against — William Morrison Supermarkets plc — has unreservedly apologised to him.



ENERGY

DEAFENING silence from the department of the environment has followed since the publication 11 months ago of a controversial report by RAWMAC, the radioactive waste management committee.

The committee of the great and good, headed by Dr Georgina Burney, a bio-chemist, was silly enough to tell the government that in the field of nuclear waste Britain faces some very major unresolved problems.

The main reason the report is getting so little attention, however, is that the government wants to get Thorp, the thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield, operating as quickly as possible — even before any agreement on what to do with the mountain of throbbing waste it will produce when it starts processing spent fuel rods from other countries.

The idea is to use a system of "substitution": high level waste (which is less bulky) will be sent back to overseas customers, while the UK takes responsibility for the larger volumes of intermediate and low level waste. This will save on transport costs; but so far there is no agreement on how much waste of one level is equivalent in radiological terms to waste on another level. The whole scheme is, as RAWMAC says, at odds with government policy that countries should deal with their own waste, and there is no agreement among customer-countries that they will accept high level waste at all. RAWMAC say that until there is agreement, the system should not be approved.

A dump should also be available to take the waste by 2005, although present plans mean that the site is unlikely to be available before 2010. RAWMAC asked BNFL to document its case to show that substitution was viable, and to justify its claim that "retention of foreign waste from reprocessing will not cause health or safety concerns to the UK population".

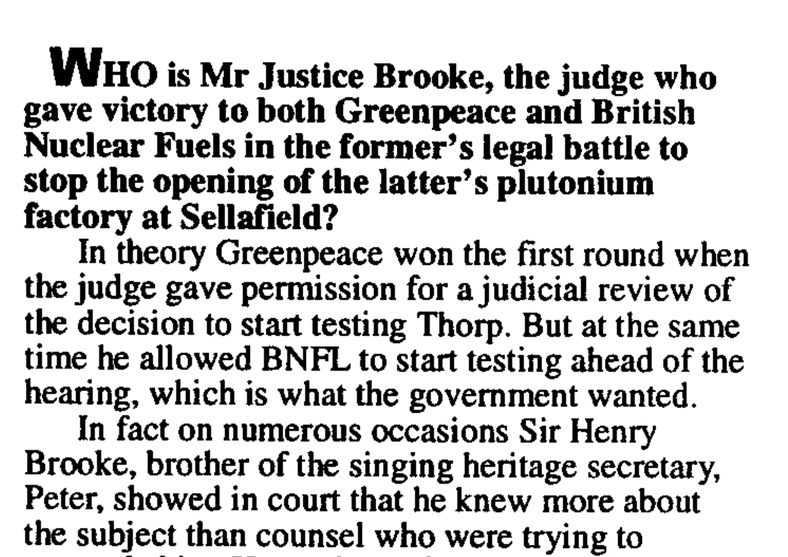
None of this has been done and the inevitable conclusion is that the government hopes to complete its secret review of the case for and against Thorp and give the go-ahead before allowing even its own advisers — RAWMAC members were appointed by the government — to speak out about the consequences.

WHO is Mr Justice Brooke, the judge who gave victory to both Greenpeace and British Nuclear Fuels in the former's legal battle to stop the opening of the latter's plutonium factory at Sellafield?

In theory Greenpeace won the first round when the judge gave permission for a judicial review of the decision to start testing Thorp. But at the same time he allowed BNFL to start testing ahead of the hearing, which is what the government wanted.

In fact on numerous occasions Sir Henry Brooke, brother of the singing heritage secretary, Peter, showed in court that he knew more about the subject than counsel who were trying to persuade him. He ought to; for as plain Henry Brooke he served for two years as counsel to the inquiry into the Sizewell B nuclear power station, the longest inquiry ever held in Britain.

In his report giving permission for its opening, the inspector, Sir Frank Layfield, said: "It is difficult to conceive how the inquiry could have been properly carried through without Mr Brooke's help." In fact the inquiry was a total disaster. It studied graphs and pie-charts and countless tables of statistics to prove that Sizewell B would be the cheapest way of generating electricity, and it was on the very issue of cheapness that permission was granted. It will open next year — and produce the most expensive electricity in history.



"Don't be silly, son, you're not the only kid on the streets with dyslexia – now give me the gnu"

WATER

WELSH Water's arrogance knows no bounds. While the company loses a *third* of its water from leaking mains (it claims it is making progress in cutting leaks from its own pipes), the monopoly says it intends to use the criminal law to force domestic consumers to mend leaks in their homes.

Taffia members at Welsh Water say they can identify houses where leaks occur and that they are going to threaten customers with prosecution which could lead to fines up to £1,000 if they don't pay for repairs.

As an exercise in monopoly power it is unparalleled: Welsh Water is using its legal powers to force customers to spend their own money to reduce domestic leaks, thereby saving money for Welsh Water.

Nor is Welsh Water popular with the villagers of Llanbadarn Fynydd, a small community in Mid-Wales which has a pisspoor water supply. Despite strong protests to Welsh Water, no improvements have been made to the inadequate service. The company, with profits of £155 million this year and capital investments of £1.9 billion over the next 10 years, claims the £1 million cost is not justified because of the small number of customers in the area. But whenever people apply for planning permission to build a home and move into the area, Welsh Water objects that the water system cannot meet any new demand!

LT

PEOPLE in Finchley, north London, who read the local rags will be in two minds about travelling on the Underground.

Last month the *Finchley Times* carried a full-page advert on using the Tube to enjoy waterborne delights like boating on the Serpentine, seeing Greenwich by riverboat, and visiting HMS Belfast at London Bridge.

But the headline — THIS SUMMER, CRUISE AROUND LONDON BY TUBE — will have caused blind panic among readers of the *Finchley Advertiser*, which on the same day reported how flooding is posing a serious threat to Underground safety.

CUTBACKS MAY FORCE THE UNDERGROUND UNDERWATER, it said, explaining how London Underground is £9 million short of the £18 million it needs to repair vital machinery and drains that remove three million gallons of water from the network every day. Rather than take a canal trip (Tube: Warwick Avenue on the Bakerloo line), commuters will soon be paddling their own canoes on the Central line, it seems. No doubt the service will be more efficient.

UN NEWS

AMERICANS like to think of their Rangers as trained killers, but it would be more useful if they were trained to identify the enemy.

Undoubtedly it was a mischievous Somali who tipped off US forces that Farah Aideed could be found in a house in southern Mogadishu. But it was only after the intrepid Rangers had stormed the house and hogtied eight of its occupants that they discovered they were in fact all staff from the UN's development programme.

The eight had recently returned to Mogadishu after bitter complaints from American Admiral Howe that the organisation had quit the country.

STREET of SHAME

GOOD NEWS at last for David "Rommel" Montgomery, the disastrous chief executive of Mirror Group Newspapers.

Stockbrokers S.G. Warburg have sent their clients a long report on MGN, announcing that shares in the group are "our primary recommendation" in the media sector. "MGN is outperforming the competition," it gushes. "The stock is therefore a strong buy."

The 95-page report includes a number of dubious assertions and downright inaccuracies. "The morphology of the industry changed radically in the 1980s," it reveals. "The first new entrant came in 1986 with the launch of *Today*, a middlebrow paper, in a non-union plant at Wapping." In fact *Today* was not launched anywhere near Wapping — not least because it wasn't owned by Rupert Murdoch at the time.

Most preposterous of all are the comments made about the *Mirror* titles under the Rommel regime, including the statement that "a robust left-of centre stance... distinguishes the titles from their popular rivals." The *Eye* asked one of the compilers of the Warburg report, Mark Beilby, what made him think that the *Mirror* was still robustly left-of-centre. "Er, I don't think we'd set ourselves up as experts on editorial stance," he confessed. "But that is the way the management explained it to us."

It is good to see that, even after the Maxwell years, the City still has such a touching faith in claims made by bosses of the Mirror Group.

LAST TUESDAY'S *Independent* carried a rave review by one Digby Anderson of a new pamphlet written by Dr James Le Fanu.

The pamphlet, arguing that poverty doesn't kill people, was published by a right-wing think-tank, the Social Affairs Unit, whose telephone number was helpfully printed at the end of the article.

What the *Indie* neglected to mention was that its reviewer, Digby Anderson, is himself director of the Social Affairs Unit. No wonder he liked the pamphlet so much: he published it.

BIG BROTHER is alive and well and working at Lord Stevens' Yorkshire Post Newspapers in Leeds.

Hacks who were about to attend a union meeting to discuss the firm's de-recognition of the National Union of Journalists (see *Eye* 825) were astonished to see an editor's memo flash on their computer screens warning them that they risked the sack if they went to the meeting.

Not content with using information technology to intimidate staff, *Yorkshire Post* editor Tony Watson and *Yorkshire Evening Post* editor Chris Bye then rushed a letter by motorbike courier to a union official, threatening him personally with the sack unless the meeting was called off.

There is no place for subversive union activists in a modern company, it appears. Odd to recall, then, that the same Tony Watson was in the 1980s the scourge of the anti-union Economic League for researching a hard-hitting *World in Action* exposé into the league's blacklisting of union activists. Some mistake, surely?

WHATEVER has happened at the normally grown up *Financial Times*?

Readers of the paper's Observer column on 31 August will have been struck by a strong sense of deja-vu — if they read Bernard Manning's sophisticated column in the previous day's *Daily Sport*, that is.

Next to an advert promising one-minute relief via hard, hot smutty sex talk, Manning told a pisspoor joke about a burglar, a parrot and a rottweiler called Jesus.

What the Pink 'Un was doing the next day passing off the same joke as a news story — with no mention of Manning or the *Spurt*, of course — is anyone's guess.

HACKWATCH No 45: *THE TIMES*

FOLLOWING this week's reduction in the cover price of *The Times*, from 45p to 30p, many people will be buying the paper for the first time. *The Thunderer* has promised that the price-cut "will bring the growing number of new readers a quality paper with a 208-year-old tradition of independent news coverage".

It always takes a while to adjust to an unfamiliar newspaper; so, to help these new readers acclimatise themselves, Lord Gnome has prepared a digest of some of the main news stories and features which have appeared in Mr Murdoch's great organ in recent weeks.

23 July: An important disclosure on the home news pages: "For credit card bookings for *The Times* World Chess Championship, ring First Call on 071 497 9977 24 hours, 7 days a week. Those booking during July will be given in addition a voucher for a lunch at Simpson's-in-the-Strand worth about £30."

24 July: A report on a forthcoming symposium at the Tate Gallery, on the subject "Chess Fever Now". Meanwhile, there is further news of credit card bookings for *The Times* World Chess Championship.

27 July: Under the heading "*The Times* World Chess Championship", a news story by Raymond Keene, chess correspondent, reveals that "I have been besieged by readers wishing to know how to follow the moves of a chess game. Today, therefore, I am repeating the explanation."

28 July: Another chess-related scoop appears at the top of page 5: "Tickets for *The Times* World Chess Championship between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short include a guaranteed seat, glass of champagne, souvenir programme, chess book and use of a personal Predict-a-move advanced computer game system fitted into every seat in the Savoy Theatre."

4 August: An article by Raymond Keene, chess correspondent, analyses a recent match between Michael Adams and Victor Korchnoi. It appears under the heading "*The Times* World Chess Championship", in spite of the fact that neither Adams nor Korchnoi will be playing in *The Times*'s contest.

5 August: On a "Home News" page, Keene reports on a game in the recent Smith and Williamson Young Masters tournament. Although the game has nothing to do with the match between Short and Kasparov, Keene's story is again headed "*The Times* World Chess Championship".

12 August: Under the now familiar heading, Keene reports on the progress of the British championship, currently being held at Dundee University. Its link with *The Times*'s championship is not explained, perhaps because there is none.

14 August: The energetic Keene returns to the home news pages with glad tidings: "I have reports that club attendance and membership is snowballing as a result of the Kasparov-Short championship."

16 August: Below a long article on the Labour Party, space is found for a bulletin about "attractive travel packages in association with British Airways and Forte Group Hotels to the Kasparov-Short World Chess Championship match".

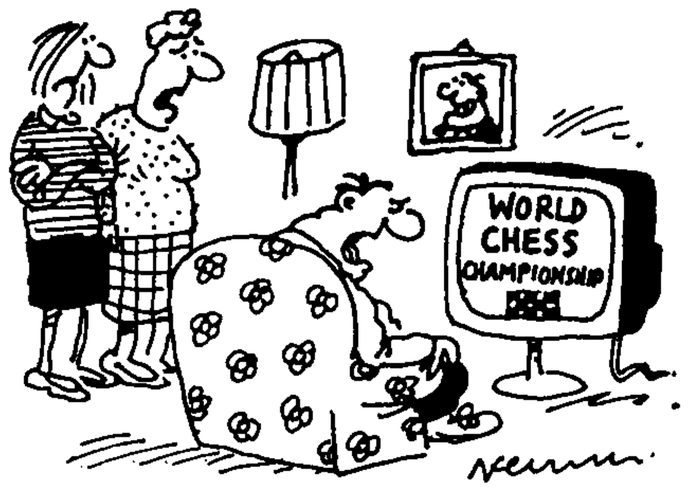
17 August: A long feature by Kate Muir about the Hungarian chess player Judit Polgar concludes with the news that "*The Times* World Chess Championship, between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short, begins at the Savoy Theatre, London, on 7 September."

18 August: A feature on the minds of chess players, written by two members of the MRC Applied Psychology Unit in Cambridge, offers another reminder of the imminence of "*The Times* World Chess Championship, between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short".

19 August: "Ticket prices cut" yells a headline on page 4. The accompanying story discloses that the price of the cheapest seats at *The Times* World Chess Championship has been reduced from £40 to £20. *The Times*'s editor, Peter Stothard, explains that this is because "we aim to make the championship accessible to as many people as possible. The new ticketing structure allows tickets to be offered to a wider public."

25 August: A new development is diligently recorded in the home news pages: "To celebrate *The Times* World Chess Championship and promote interest in the game, Haslemere Educational Museum is organising a series of junior tournaments at the museum next month."

26 August: "BBC2 and Channel 4 will transmit more than 75 hours of programmes on *The Times* World Chess Championship, between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short, which starts next month," reports Alexandra Frean, media correspondent. Elsewhere, the assistant keeper of western asiatic antiquities at the British Museum contributes a long feature on the history of chess



"It's ages since he last moved"

pieces, which also contrives to mention that tickets are still available for "*The Times* World Chess Championship, between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short".

27 August: While other newspapers' front pages are dominated by the story of wrongly-diagnosed cancers in Birmingham, *The Times* carries a large colour photograph of Garry Kasparov. "Garry Kasparov flew into London yesterday in a resolute mood," reports *Times* hack Robert Crampton, "to defend his title in *The Times* World Chess Championship." Inside, the paper treats us to a feature headed "Great writers hooked by the chess bug".

30 August: Front page news: "EXCLUSIVE TO *THE TIMES*. Countdown to the clash of the champions. In eight days' time, battle commences in London between Nigel Short, the greatest British chess player in history, and Garry Kasparov, the world champion. Every move in *The Times* World Chess Championship will be avidly followed by the world's media. But coverage in *The Times* will be unrivalled." Quite so.

31 August: Another front-page screamer: "WORLD TITLE: Countdown to the £1.7m big match". Inside, an entire home news page is filled with stories about the contest, plus a photo of the two contenders. "Chess fever is sweeping Britain," reports Daniel Johnson, literary editor [*sic*], "during the countdown to *The Times* World Chess Championship match between Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short... Media coverage is reaching a climax of intensity... As match sponsors, *The Times* has led the press coverage from the beginning..." Elsewhere, *Times* hack Ian Murray reveals that "Chess enthusiasts in 12 countries will be able to pit their skills against the two best players in the world during *The Times*'s championship, thanks to pioneering technology introduced for the event. The system, called Predictamove, will allow anyone to phone a central computer to forecast the next move."

1 September: Again, a full page is given over to the hot topic of the moment. It includes a photo of Garry Kasparov, in case we have forgotten what he looks like. Even events that have no connection with the contest are made to seem relevant: "As Nigel Short prepares to challenge Garry Kasparov for *The Times* World Chess Championship, Short can take heart that a fellow Briton has just won a title. Mark Uniacke, 29, from Potters Bar, Hertfordshire, trounced international opposition in the Computer Chess World Championship with a programme that took him six years to write..." Another news story, by Ian Murray, has a suspiciously familiar ring: "*The Times* World Chess Championship will be the launch pad for a new concept in audience participation... At the championship, the Predictamove system will enable the public to telephone a central computer with their forecast of each move..." Murray has clearly been busy. A long feature by him on page 12 begins: "When Garry Kasparov and Nigel Short sit down in the Savoy Theatre next Tuesday to play for *The Times* World Chess Championship they will be completing a revolution against the game's governing body which began in a Moscow hotel in 1985..."

2 September: It should not be thought that chess is the only subject to interest *The Times*. "Murdoch unveils global vision", gushes a headline on today's front page, reporting that the newspaper's owner has unveiled "his vision of a world in which national and class barriers are broken down by technological advances". His speech is reprinted in full on page 5, along with a story claiming that City analysts have praised Murdoch's "global venture". On page 14, a feature by the paper's media correspondent, Alexandra Frean, declares that the Digger's new satellite channels "will ensure that News Corp remains at the cutting edge of the communications and consumer electronics industries". In addition to all these articles about its proprietor, the newspaper finds space for half a page on its world chess championship, including a photograph of Nigel Short.

3 September: Today's *Times* carries a huge photo of Garry Kasparov, plus a page of reports from Ian Murray, Raymond Keene and the psychologist Tony Buzan. The feature pages are dominated by profiles of the wives of Messrs Short and Kasparov.

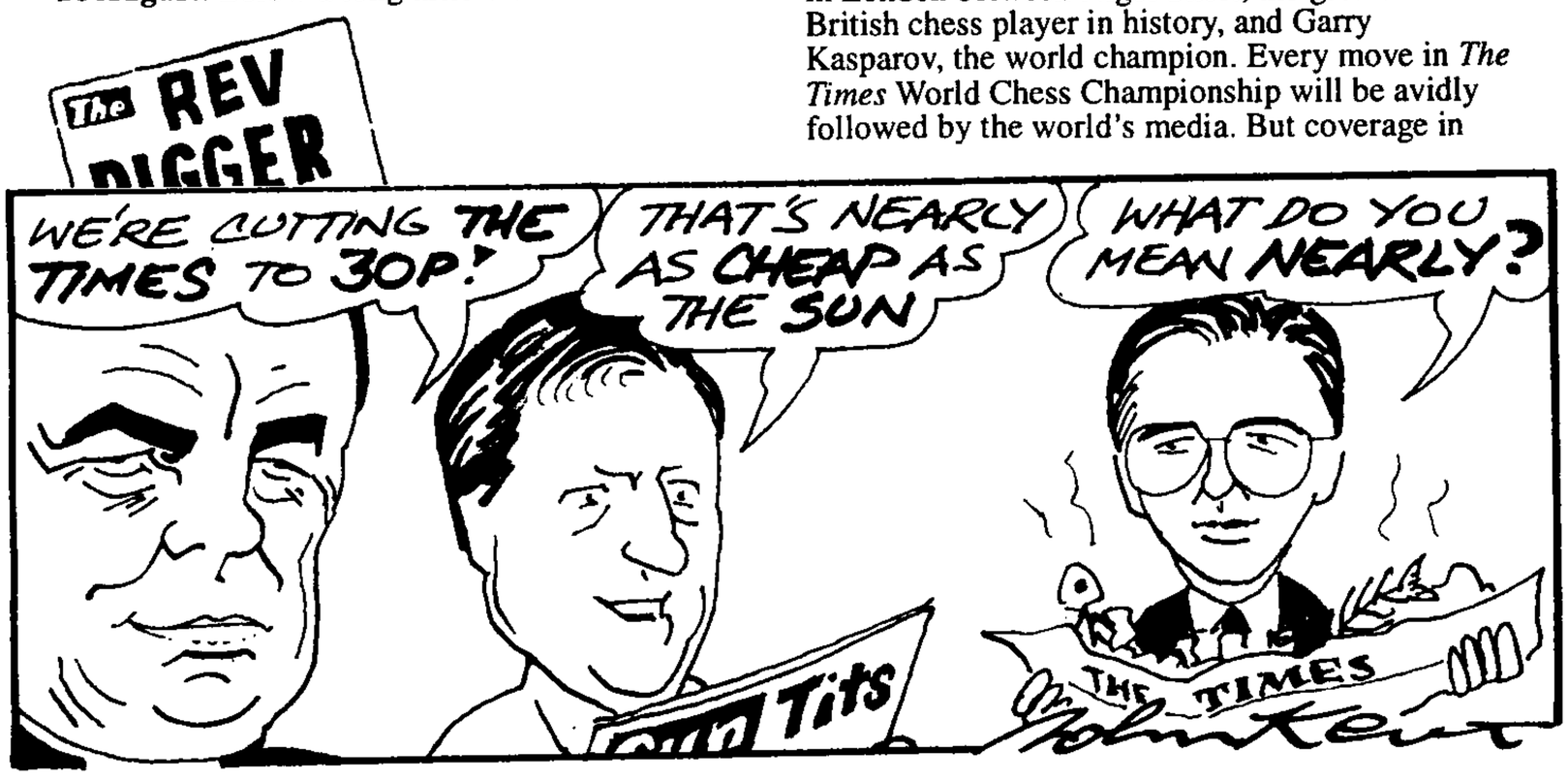
4 September: A colour photograph of both Short and Kasparov, showing that they look much the same as they did earlier in the week. The paper also achieves a brilliant Murdochian double-whammy of a plug with a news story headed "Chess on Sky". On Monday evening, it reports, "BSkyB will screen a half-hour preview of the great match". Just fancy that!

I-BSkyB

ENGLISH IS EASY AS SKY

Bosnian refugee Srdan Hrkalovic learned fluent English — by watching the Simpsons on Sky TV. (*The Sun*. Contrib. M. Turner)

This is the last I-BSkyB. A column for Sky plugs masquerading as news items in the Murdoch papers has been outstripped by events. Readers are now invited to send in examples of news items that are not *Sky plugs.*



NEW Home Secretary Michael Howard's chances of improving the prison service by losing its director general Derek Lewis (the ex-Ford manager whose last short job was chief executive of Granada) have grown as a result of Lewis's failure to observe Wilde's *bon mot* that a man can never be too careful in the choice of his enemies.

Lewis has antagonised the rising star of the British penal system, Judge Stephen Tumim, by holding up publication of Tumim's scathing reports on the inadequacies of our prisons. Tumim, who is chief inspector of prisons, and is too shrewd to become a civil servant, knows far more about public relations for anyone else's good and is now daggers drawn with Lewis.

One or the other will not last out the year. What with a Lord Chief Justice who insists on appearing on *Question Time* and a Lord Chancellor who is not on speaking terms with almost anyone at the Bar, which includes all the top judges, Michael Howard's capacity for enjoying every job he does has been much reduced.

EVERYONE knows that one of Britain's two privatised prisons, Wold, was handed over to a company whose most famous director was the chairman of the Tory party, Sir Norman Fowler, who has just resigned from the company. Not many people know that UKDS, the company which runs the other privatised prison, was set up and funded by McAlpine, the family firm of the man who until recently was treasurer of the Tory party.

The charmingly-named UK Detention Services was set up in August 1987, a few months after Mrs Thatcher was returned with a majority of 100 in a general election, by Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons. The then Tory party treasurer Lord McAlpine, a favourite of Mrs Thatcher, was, and still is, a director of Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons. Since 1986 Sir Robert McAlpine & Sons has dished out £350,000 to the Tory party.

Not much later, McAlpine was joined in its exciting new venture by two other firms: CCA, prison specialists in the United States, and the British construction company Mowlem. In the last four years Mowlem has poured £130,000 into the Tory party.

UKDS didn't seem to do much until 1991 when it borrowed £185,000 (half from Newarthill, McAlpine's parent, half from an undisclosed source) to pay for prison "technology and know-how". In December 1992, the home office, under that keen observer of contributions to the Tory party Kenneth Clarke, handed the contract to manage Blakenhurst prison to UKDS.

PS (and an apology): The figures for contributions to the Tory party in the above piece have been double-checked, which is more than can be said for the statement in the last Footnotes that the construction firm Laings is a big contributor to the Tory party. Laings the builders write to say they don't give a penny. Sorry.

FOLLOWING his scrapping of some of the awkward consultation process that precedes the building of a new road, transport secretary John MacGregor has raised the notional cost to the nation of injuries caused by road accidents.

Now, each person seriously injured is reckoned to cost taxpayers £71,100. Previously it was £20,700. A minor injury in a road crash now costs £5,800, compared to £400 before.

The change will make it easier for worried parents and others to justify traffic-calming projects in residential streets, but this side-effect is outweighed by the benefits, as far as car and lorry fanatic MacGregor is concerned.

Ostensible accident savings formerly accounted for some 15 per cent of the benefits claimed in order to justify building a new road. Now that figure has risen to about 25 per cent, making it easier for the government to push through road schemes against ever-increasing local opposition.

IF, as is increasingly likely, the government climbs down on its daft rail privatisation bill, one way it can save face (and money) is by merging BR with the new quango Railtrack.

Should the Lords' amendment to the bill be accepted — and BR thus be allowed to bid for franchises, winning nearly all of them — there would be no justification for a separate track authority. Nor would there be any need for a franchise director, whose role could be taken over by the department of transport. And with BR continuing to run most rail routes, safety, too, would be much less of a problem.

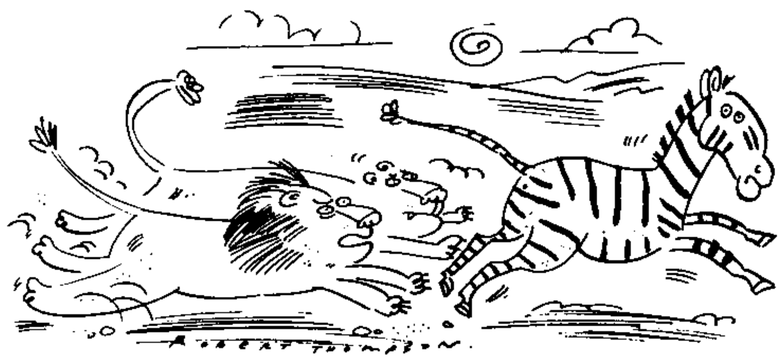
One way or another, the treasury (apart from Michael Portillo, the overrated originator of the crazy franchising scheme) should be pleased if the logic of accepting the Lords' amendment is followed through. So, too, might Sir-not-yet Robert "Gillette" Horton, the failed BP chairman, who was given the chairmanship of Railtrack as a consolation prize. Sadly for all concerned (except Horton himself), he stands a good chance of becoming head of a merged BR/Railtrack.

LAST February Vitol Group, a Dutch-based oil trading company, hosted a big party at the Dorchester to celebrate a multimillion pound oil deal with Zambia.

It was a curious evening: the Abba lookalike band Bjorn Again provided musical entertainment for a *Who's Who* of the oil industry. Among the guests was Alan "Dipstick" Duncan, Tory MP and Major sycophant, who is on the Vitol pay-roll as a consultant.

But, the *Eye* can reveal, as the champagne flowed few of the revellers would have been aware that the deal had been completed in dubious and farcical circumstances.

The contract was for the annual supply of oil to Zambia, and the choice of Vitol was greeted in the oil world with astonishment. Vitol, as a trader, has no refineries, garages or petrol outlets. The contract did not get off to a good start when Vitol delivered the wrong oil. The tender called for Saudi Arabian oil; but unlike its competitors Vitol did not have a Saudi supply contract. It thus



"If you stop running we'll give you a fair trial"

commissioned a ship, The Spirit of Hiroshima, and bought weathered crude Kuwaiti oil — a grotty brand gathered up in buckets from the desert after the Gulf war.

This weathered crude is full of sand and sea water and has the advantage of being very cheap. Unfortunately, after the cargo arrived in Zambia the refinery there nearly broke down because of all the sand in the oil. The Zambian government realised — but too late — that it had been short-changed. The scandal is now being investigated by an official in ZIMCO, the Zambian state-owned oil company.

One curious aspect of the deal is how Vitol won the contract and a letter of credit from the World Bank when the tender stipulated that the oil should be "Arabian light or medium" — not the disgusting grunge from Kuwait. Vitol of course has made a big profit. Saudi oil would have cost $18 a barrel, but Vitol bought the Kuwaiti brand at $5 and sold it to Zambia for $15. "We must have made four million overnight," boasted one trader.

Other traders are less happy — particularly about Alan Duncan being on Vitol's payroll. "For an MP to be linked to this company is amazing," said one. But then how many MPs have the technical ability to tell the difference between Saudi oil and tar from the beaches of Kuwait?

Duncan is no stranger to murky oil deals. Before he was an MP he coordinated a secret deal on behalf of Marc Rich, an American trader, to supply Brunei oil to South Africa in breach of UN sanctions. Rich is wanted by the US authorities on charges of massive tax evasion and racketeering and is now a fugitive. Duncan was last seen in the Commons where he acts as an oil broker and as Major's caterer when he is not being MP for Rutland and Melton.

MORE information has come to light on the proposed new RAF logistics command which will entail moving hundreds of civilian ministry of defence staff from Harrogate in unemployed north Yorkshire to Cambridgeshire.

The unions, all of whom oppose the move, complained to the central arbitration committee. As a result, the MoD supplied more facts about the number of new married quarters that will have to be provided in the move. The ministry reckons the move will cost £36 million. On the basis of the new information, the unions reckon the RAF logistics command could be set up in and around Harrogate — at a profit to the ministry of £70 million.

So why is the MoD wasting so much money? There probably is an answer which has nothing to do with the fact that both the big new centres of the proposed new command are in the constituency of one John Major, prime minister.

Yobs
HUSBAND
We'll nick this one, get in!
OK engine on, lets get going.. Bleedin 'ell. Whats that?!
CRUNCH!! GRIND!!
We've been clamped, the bastards!

THE Tories have lost their way in Scotland to judge by the antics of George Kynoch, MP for Kincardine and Deeside.

A couple in the Aberdeen area wrote to him on a constituency matter and received the following reply: "I see by your address... that you are not a constituent of mine and as there is a strict convention" etc. etc. He passed their letter on to another MP.

This flummoxed the couple. Not only had they been bombarded with Tory party literature featuring Mr Kynoch in the run-up to the general election, but they also recalled his name from their ballot papers. Just to make sure, the husband checked with the electoral register that he was indeed their MP... And he was.

If Kynoch doesn't yet know his own constituency, what hope is there for the rest of Scotland?

'Backbiter'

Grovel

TEE HEE. Tee hee. Tee hee. The firm of avaricious libel solicitor Peter Carter-Fuck, long the overpaid and overrated scourge of the press, has been accused of lying and generally being offensive.

The criticism comes from the highly respected Press Complaints Commission, which, as *Eye* readers well know, would never make such a charge lightly. It followed "untrue and offensive suggestions" made by the Carter-Fuckites on behalf of their client, Hoover, in a row with the *Evening Standard* over Hoover's free flights cock-up.

Shamefully, the lawyers accused the newspaper and the commission of "backroom dealings" — a complaint that was witheringly and soundly rejected.

● *I HEAR film director and restaurant critic Michael Winner has complained to the Antique Wine Company after receiving a delivery of Lafite Rothschild 1970 and Corton Charlemagne 1986 at his Holland Park home.*

Within hours, Winner had sent a fax claiming that "the wine is really terrible". What he failed to realise was that the red wine needed time to settle after its journey from the company's cellars in Tamworth, Staffordshire. As Stephen Williams, who runs the company, said: "I thought that Mr Winner, whose criticisms of top restaurants regularly appear in the press, would know that you don't just open a bottle of top class claret like a bottle of lemonade."

"DO NOT adultery commit," wrote the Victorian poet Arthur Hugh Clough. "Advantage rarely comes of it." The career of my toothy chum David Mellor suggests otherwise...

In the year since he was forced to resign from the cabinet, his bank balance has become quite bloated with the huge fees from his many new jobs — as newspaper columnist, telly pundit, radio DJ, sports presenter and phone-in host.

Now, I hear, he has been signed up by Sir Nick Lloyd, at an annual fee of £60,000, to write a weekly column for the *Daily Express* on the Arts Council, the opera, CD prices and other pressing cultural matters.

These, of course, are the very subjects on which Mellor already writes a pisspoor weekly column in the *Guardian*. In return for the *Express*'s largesse, will he at least be expected to give up writing for the *Grauniad*? Apparently not.

As Arthur Hugh Clough also wrote: "How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho! How pleasant it is to have money!"

SAD NEWS of Kim Caborn-Waterfield, erstwhile "Dandy" and leader of the Chelsea Set, who has been involved in an unseemly wrangle with the Gold family of porn merchants.

The row is over Caborn-Waterfield's forthcoming history of the Ann Summers sex shop chain, which he founded in 1970. Last year his book — working title *Ann Summers & the Porn Barons Gold* — attracted the attentions of Peter Carter-Fuck & Partners, who wrote to Caborn-Waterfield on behalf of Ann Summers Limited, which is owned by Gold Star Publications and is run by brothers David and Ralph Gold and their daughters Vanessa and Jacqueline.

The book makes various allegations regarding the Golds' £200 million joint fortune that may be of interest to the tax authorities. Carter-Fuck complained about a chapter that had been sent to the Golds for comment, saying it contained "lies, half truths, distortions and innuendoes".

Caborn-Waterfield is determined to publish, however, so the Golds will have to sue a man who is resident in Ireland with no UK assets.

Coincidentally, however, publication has been delayed by two violent assaults on Caborn-Waterfield, which he has sought to keep from the press.

On 14 June he was coshed, kicked and left unconscious before being taken to Chelsea & Westminster hospital suffering from injuries, amnesia and concussion. On 5 July he was again attacked, in an identical manner, and left unconscious. He would appear to have made more than one set of enemies.

POOR Cecil Parkinson, who once had the keys to Number Ten almost within his grasp, has suffered enough, I feel, without being pilloried on German television.

Alas, as will shortly be revealed in a German TV programme, "Lord" Parkinson, who, as he told Dr Anthony Clare, feels bad about his handicapped daughter Flora and her mother Sara Keays, whom he once promised to marry, has odd ways of showing his concern.

Though worth many millions, he spent more than a year resisting claims for higher maintenance for Flora, and suggested that she should go into a home (a government one, because, as everyone knows, they are cheaper and therefore preferable to private ones), instead of continuing to live with her devoted mother.

WILLIAM CASH, the goofy hack who is the son of Eurosceptic bore William Cash MP, recently filed an article for the *Spectator* about British prostitutes in Hollywood.

At the end of the piece he described an encounter with Lisa, a British hooker whose hourly rate was $450. Cash said he "hastily made my excuses, and fled"; but his reluctance to go ahead with the transaction was not down to prissiness: rather it was due to meanness and his preference for professional sex workers of darker hue.

It is a pity Cash didn't share with *Spectator* readers some of the jolly tales and lurid confessions he makes to friends in places such as the Groucho Club, while on visits back home. Following the Golden Globe awards ceremony last year, for example, a tired and emotional Cash engaged the services of a couple of low rent black hookers. According to his version of events, he took them back to his Hollywood Hills bachelor pad for Ugandan discussions, and awoke the following morning to find they had stolen his wallet.

A more recent encounter with a prostitute has impelled Cash to join Alcoholics Anonymous. He was attempting to negotiate a fee, but she told him that his car, which had not been cleaned, inside or out, for several months, was "too disgusting". Cash felt humiliated. "When a $25 black hooker turns you down, you know you need help," he said charmingly.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

Murphy's "as happy as Larry, short for Lazarus" moves Ricks to note the locution's real (if disputed) derivation from the Australian pugilist Larry Foley. "One can see why Beckett would not want to be bilked by a boxer, fobbed off with a Foley." Nor indeed, doodled by a digger, welshed on by a wallaby, occluded by an ocker. Immediately we're given Beckett's translation of Apollinaire's *"Tu ressembles au Lazare affole par le jour". Affole* is not quite a Foley, but it still bounds up from the page, mad for a fight. Aren't Ricksians supposed to notice chimes like this?

MARTIN CROPPER
Sunday Times

WORLD POPULATION EXPLOSION (2)
To Tony Rushton and Anne Marie Goldring a daughter, Rosie Zillah Perpetua, on 22.8.93.

Notice in Private Eye

Shapes and colors of food also suggest images. For instance, I can't look at macaroni without seeing the horns of the sea goat, or at soft peaks of meringue or lightly beaten cream without imagining the foamy white waves of the Mediterranean where Venus was born.

LUCY ASH
A Taste of Astrology: A Cookbook

[Clint Eastwood] resembles some photogravure from the Old West, fissured with facial fault-lines and landmarked with craters and ridges... The Eastwood voice goes with the Eastwood face: a cracked, caressing whisper sandpapered by eternity. This man surely spent his life standing at the edge of deserts, his features sculpted by the sandstorms, his voice by the dehydrating winds.

NIGEL ANDREWS
Financial Times

But Judy Garland was not a child when she sang the song. She was 16, with her bust rigidly corseted to make her look younger. Sung by an adolescent, the song reveals a hidden psycho-drama of sexual fear and unease: "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas any more."

MARY HARRON
Independent on Sunday

"28 Days" by Julie Carpenter.
An exhibit of 4 embellished dresses explor-ing the menstrual cycle. At the Yoxford Gallery 1-15 Aug. Plus beautiful handmade hats.

Hersay women's magazine

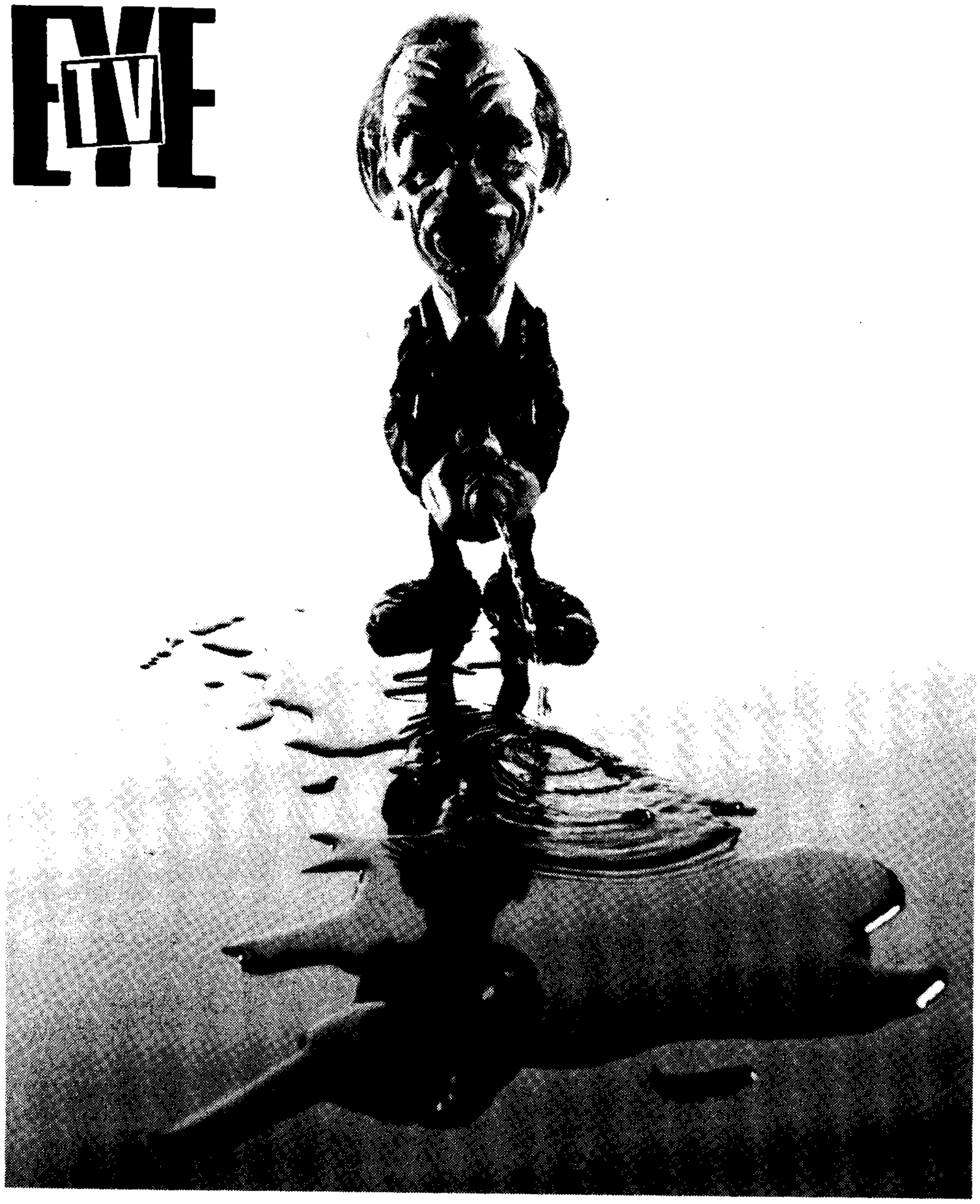
I am an adult. I am intelligent. I have to be. I am the Woman's Editor of The Sun, Britain's biggest national newspaper.
They don't employ idiots, do they?

KAY GODDARD
The Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Everyone, Nick Tyrrell, Jack Sklar, R. Murch, Keith Heddle, Dr P. Byrne, J. Smith, Anne Saunders.

£10 paid for entries

EYE TV



Rupert Murdoch

(BSkyB)

ONE of the most common criticisms of Rupert Murdoch's satellite television channels has been that they provide little original programming. Perhaps from sensitivity to this accusation, Mr Murdoch last week unveiled one of the most brilliant pieces of British-made situation comedy seen for years.

The situation was the launch of BSkyB's new package of channels and (more importantly) charges. The comedy was Mr Murdoch's speech. The best gag of all — among many — was this passage, about the benefits to mankind of satellite technology: "I must add (with maybe a tiny touch of regret) that this technology has also liberated people from the once-powerful media barons. The days when a few newspaper publishers could agree to keep an entire nation ignorant of an important event are long gone..."

Look out for the tycoon's long wooden nose next time he drops in to England. Murdoch has failed to acknowledge that a conspiracy of rival proprietors over the handling of stories — not, in fact, seen since the days of Wallis Simpson — has been replaced, in his expanding empire, by the far greater reality of a conspiracy among in-house editors on reporting his own affairs. The days when five British newspapers (and dozens more around the world) could report the ludicrous assertion from Mr Murdoch above without editorial dissension clearly do still exist.

Last week's relaunch of BSkyB was, in fact, a perfect demonstration of how a "powerful media baron" (the species which Murdoch declares extinct) operates. *The Times* (prop. R. Murdoch) reported BSkyB's (prop. R. Murdoch) relaunch the following day in terms which would require the Order of the Brown Nose to produce a special supplement. A front page piece had three cross-references to related articles at the end: "Sky comes of age p.5; Murdoch's Highway p.14; Global Strategy p.23." Oddly this estimation of the story's importance was not shared by publications which Mr Murdoch does not own, but perhaps this is evidence of the journalistic iconoclasm of his products.

The second best gag in the speech was the assertion that Mr Murdoch's empire is a libertarian enterprise. With reference to the world in general: "The march of telecommunications technology has been a key factor in the enormous spread of freedom..." And, with regard to Britain: "We knew that with their voracious appetite for television the British people would not be content with four channels of government-controlled programmes for much longer..."

Well, well. Mr Murdoch will have to fly Concorde next time he visits Britain: no other plane would have space for his wooden nose as it lengthens. Not only are we asked to believe that a huge global commercial operation is less powerful than the government of a single nation, but Murdoch libels the nature of British terrestrial television by applying to it the phrase "state-controlled", generally associated with situations in which the state formally supervises reporting of itself.

But such a comparison is kangaroo shit. The "state control" of the BBC has rested on the huge, civilised paradox — which Mr Murdoch and his papers have consistently rubbished — that the government collects the funding but has no say over how it is spent. This may be an odd arrangement, but it is anything except draconian.

What regulation there has been has consisted of supervision (by the IBA, ITC, and BSC) of such factors as programme quality, journalistic standards and quantities of sex and violence. These are all requirements which Mr Murdoch's non-state-controlled broadcasting empire is spared. To believe in the liberty of tycoons to do what they want where they want is not necessarily to believe in freedom.

It looks increasingly as if Murdoch is winning in his attempt to destabilise and vulgarise British television, but it is worth repeating three points which have been made periodically in this column ever since Sky Television began in February 1989.

● Satellite television was promoted by Murdoch and his papers with a great deal of propaganda about the cost of the licence fee. But the new package announced on Wednesday costs £19.99 per month — an annual outlay equivalent to between four and five licence fees.

● Murdoch and his echoes made much of the idea of viewer choice, with particular reference to the quantity of repeats on British TV. But the channels in the new package consist almost entirely of reruns of shows seen previously in either Britain, America or Australia.

● The BBC has, with suicidal illogic, encouraged Murdoch's mission by entering into joint deals with BSkyB on sport, particularly football, thus leading to a rise in the sales of satellite dishes.

If this is the new age of freedom, then lock me up again tomorrow.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

A STAFF member at Sky was closeted away in a cubicle in the gentleman's lavatory when he heard someone approach the urinal, closely followed by another party.

"Excuse me, Mr Murdoch. My name is Laurie Mayer," said one of the two. "I read the news on Sky."

"G'day," replied a man with an Aussie accent.

"I'd just like to say something," continued the man who had identified himself as Mayer. "I was 15 years at the BBC, on radio and TV, and I've only been here three months. But in that three months I've had more pleasure than in my entire 15 years at the Beeb."

There was a mumbled acknowledgement from the Digger who was presumably overwhelmed by this outburst of *arslikhan*. The occupant of the lavatory, meanwhile, had to suppress the urge to vomit.

RADIO 4's *The World Tonight* is in turmoil following the appointment of arch-Birtist Anne Koch, an earnest and politically correct Canadian, as its editor.

Koch believes, in true Birtist fashion, that the programme has suffered from being "under-produced". But her own production methods are eccentric, to say the least: she edits the show from her house in Stoke Newington.

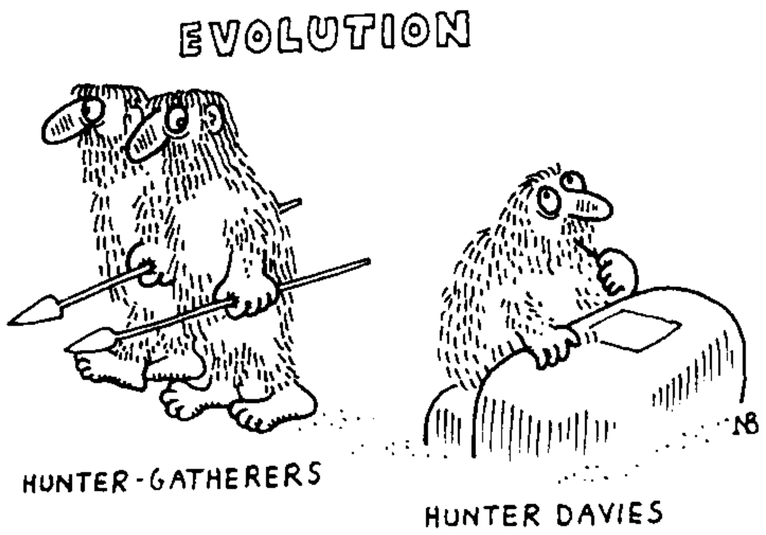
Unlike her predecessors, Koch leaves the office at about 6.30 every evening. For the next three and a half hours, she sits at her computer terminal at home, which is linked to the BBC's Basys mainframe, bombarding presenters and duty editors with loony suggestions about the writing of cues and scripts. One duty editor recently received 23 computer messages from her in one hour, each of which demanded an answer.

If *World Tonight* staff ignore these messages — as many have tried to — they are immediately telephoned by a furious Koch from her Stoke Newington ops room. Presenters glancing at their computer screens have sometimes found their scripts being altered before their very eyes, minutes before going on air.

Koch's news values are also pretty odd. On 25 August, no fewer than 24 minutes of the programme were given over to a report by Janet Cohen on the sexual harassment of female police officers by their male colleagues, followed by a studio discussion. Even the war in Bosnia has

seldom been treated at such length.

Cohen's report was based entirely on anonymous testimony from policewomen, read out by actresses. None of the Inspector Knackers being accused of harassment was approached for a comment. When *World Tonight* presenter Alexander Macleod heard the item on the day before transmission, he told la Koch that it was not the sort of journalism he wanted to be associated with, and that unless it was altered he couldn't chair the studio discussion. The relentlessly PC Anne Koch insisted that Cohen's report would go out as it stood. Macleod did not present the programme.



THE *Sunset Times*'s Atticus column (aka the voice of Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill) led its last issue with an item on how citizen's charter minister William Waldegrave's avowed quest for more "open government" had not extended to the Independent Radio Authority's role in awarding franchises.

LBC, London's independent radio station, had been axed "without explanation". But where was the Andrew Neill who champions competition, or the Andrew Neill who speaks up for ethnic minorities (one of the reasons given by the Radio Authority for preferring the other bidder for LBC's frequencies), or, for that matter, the Andrew Neill who excoriates special pleading by vested interests? Nowhere to be found.

In the light of his plea for greater openness, it might have been appropriate for Atticus to remind readers that Andrew Neill is paid somewhere in the region of £50,000 per annum to do LBC's morning show every Sunday.

"WE DO ourselves no favours leaking an internal memo to *Private Eye*!" storms Baroness O'Caithan, director of the Barbican Centre, in the latest internal memo to have been leaked to *Private Eye*.

Her exhortations to staff to drag friends along to dismal productions at the inhospitable centre have plainly not worked, the unfortunate *Godspell* being a case in point. Numbers are so low the baroness is offering free tickets to staff just to fill the empty seats, while places for friends and relations are available for a fiver.

"Although there is a widespread held view that there is no such thing as bad publicity, we are going to have to work even harder to persuade the public to come," she writes.

NOTICE BOARD

THE PERSIANS
(Edinburgh Festival)

"This year's opening production, Aeschylus's *The Persians* (Lyceum), struck the true Festival note: of confidence and enterprise, intellectual vigour and the sense of artistic experiment."
John Peter, Sunday Times

"The evening drags on and on, banal, slow, remorseless and deafening, and it is hard to describe the feeling of relief when this dismal parade of directorial self-indulgence finally grinds to a halt."
Charles Spencer, Daily Telegraph

WORLD OF HYPE

EYEBROWS have been raised in the world of hype at John Major's appointment of Angela Heylin, chief executive of the PR firm Charles Barker, to the citizen's charter advisory panel.

Last year this selfsame Charles Barker, presided over by the selfsame Angela Heylin, went into receivership owing £33 million. Most of the debts were bank loans, but about £3 million was owed to "trade creditors" — individuals and small firms who had done work for Charles Barker and not been paid for it.

Within hours of the firm's demise, it was announced that the receiver, Cork Gully, had sold the company's assets to Angela Heylin and some of her colleagues for £110,000. No other bid was invited, even though several other PR firms would probably have been willing to pay much more.

After briefly renaming the company Reblark (a near anagram of its former moniker), Heylin was then allowed to buy the firm's old name from Cork Gully as well. Charles Barker was thus able to resume business, under the same leadership as before — but without any obligation to pay off its creditors.

This nifty sleight-of-hand aroused great indignation in the industry — not least from the PR Consultants' Association, which has lodged complaints with both the department of trade and the Society of Practitioners in Insolvency. As a spokesman for the PRCA explained to the *Eye*, it was outrageous that "the insolvency law allowed the directors of a company that had gone down for £33 million to reappear four of five hours later having shed all their debts".

Clearly, la Heylin is just the person to advise the prime minister on how to keep customers satisfied.

CULT CORNER

CHRONIC "enturbulation" – Hubbard-speak for anger and bad vibes – has broken out at Saint Hill Manor, the "church" of Scientology's East Grinstead HQ, where a six man "garrison mission" has arrived from the United States to sort things out.

The mission is lead by Sheila Chaleff, who as public affairs director heads the UK's office of special affairs and is also a director of the Church of Scientology International.

Given the enturbulation, the Hubbardistas have embarked on a campaign to silence enemies and improve their image in the town. Opponents and former members have been declared "suppressive" and become targets of a leaflet campaign. They have been publicly accused of a variety of alleged criminal or anti-social activities.

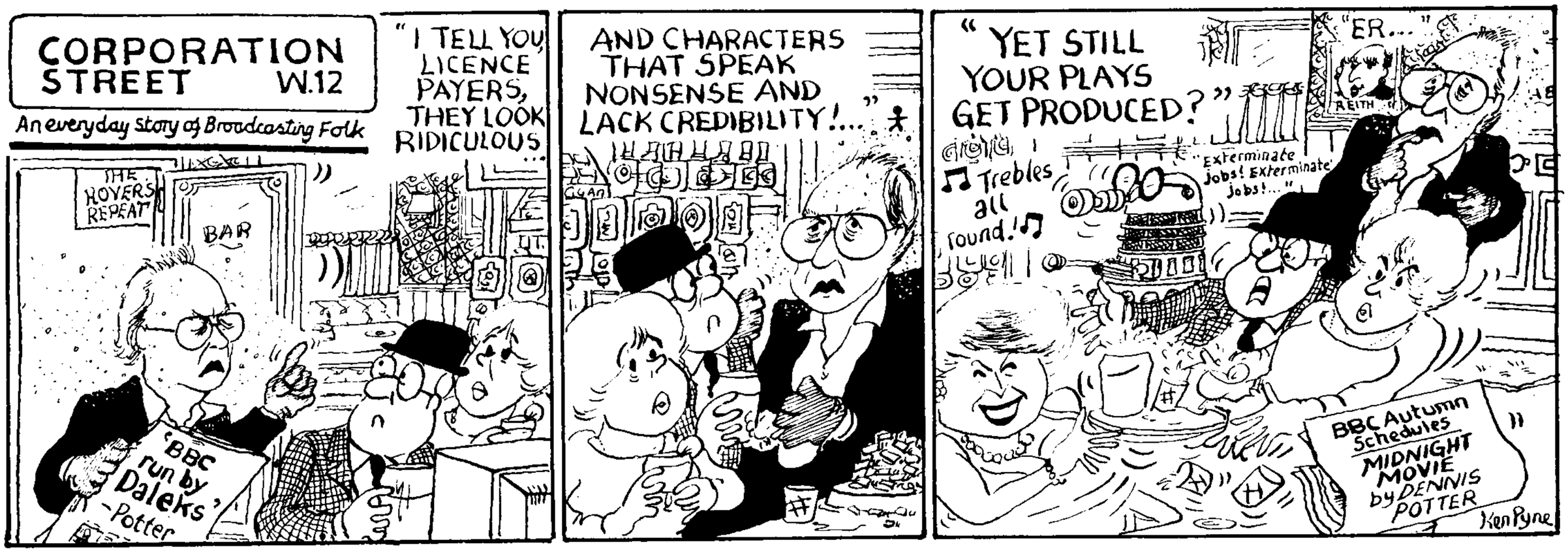
The writs are flowing like confetti, with the church facing high court action for allegedly publishing confidential material obtained during the "auditing" sessions of clients, and other actions alleging malicious falsehood and harassment. This is in addition to an increasing number of claims from punters who feel the cult's courses were a waste of money and are pursuing the cult through the courts for the return of their cash.

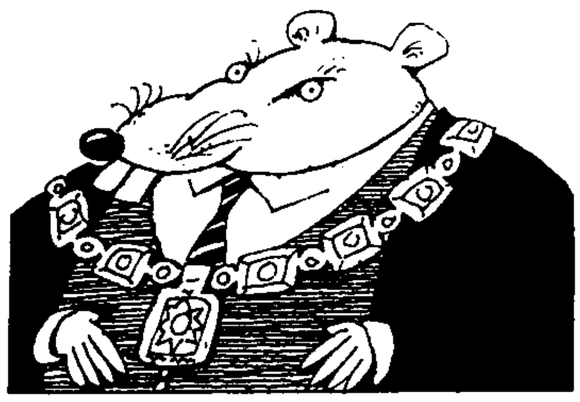
The church, meanwhile, is threatening legal action against some of its opponents. Even the Hubbardistas' own followers are not immune, with reports that long-standing members of the office of special affairs have fallen foul of the new regime and been assigned to the "Rehabilitation Project Force", nicknamed the Chain Gang, for a variety of "crimes" against the organisation. For the next few months they are likely to undergo a punishing regime of hard labour around the cult's extensive grounds. Recent defectors have told horror stories of RPF "conscripts" being treated like slaves, living in a stable block, working 18 hours a day, running everywhere at the double and being fed on scraps.

The Hubbardistas have also clashed with local clergy, who have warned the townsfolk about links between the cult and a newly opened Dianetics bookshop and information centre. When the Rev Steven Bowen, Anglican vicar of St John's at Fellbridge, went to help a young man who wanted to defect from the cult he was escorted from the premises and treated in what he described as a bizarre and intimidating way by uniformed Hubbardistas who leaped out from behind desks and took his photograph.

The Hubbardistas then alleged the defector had stolen money and called the police who arrested the man. When the Rev Bowen followed him to the police station he was met by a Scientology camera crew who filmed every move. The Hubbardistas subsequently withdrew their allegation and the man was released.

So much for Sheila Chaleff's letter in the last *Eye:* "We Scientologists believe in helping our fellow man and work with others in the community to make our towns and nations better places to live."





ROTTEN BOROUGHS

BIRMINGHAM

WHEN Birmingham's beleaguered social services bosses sent in the paras to restore order at St John's children home they were nearly left with a body on their hands.

Ex-paratrooper Geoff Hainsworth was seen as a Robocop-style law enforcer when he applied to become a child-care worker, and was immediately sent to the city's most violent children's home after a spate of riots, escapes and attacks on its ineffectual staff.

Two of the teenagers turned on him, however, first strangling him and then beating him with a piece of scaffolding hidden in the room and normally used in their regular car-breaking forays.

Freed by other staff, he started frothing at the mouth and needed oxygen followed by a stay in hospital. The boys were arrested, charged and then sent to the region's main remand home — in other words back to St John's.

Now staff are staging industrial action and threatening to walk out unless the yobs are sent elsewhere.

NEW documents have emerged detailing the city council's largesse towards media guru Vincent Hanna, who charged Birmingham £1,000-a-day for "advice" on how to improve the city's image.

Hanna claimed a further £3,000 to rent a flat for six months, plus another £5,000-worth of expenses. Altogether he cost council taxpayers £125,000. The bills include 20 first-class rail tickets to London at more than £70 each.

Meanwhile, councillors charged with controlling spending are up to their own tricks. David McGrath, a Liberal, has been submitting regular bills for renting a room for his fortnightly advice surgeries. It now emerges that the room is in his own house, and that bills are sent through his father's building firm.

BIRMINGHAM has been flooded with tens of thousands of over-ripe pineapples thanks to Gus Williams, the city's self-styled black community leader.

Williams, a Labour party member, has a history of obtaining big grants from the city to run dubious organisations that collapse, such as Acafess, a job-training agency, or the Handsworth Carnival. But in the midst of his public works he finds time for private enterprise — such as his scheme to import fruit from the Cameroon.

The scheme is detailed in dozens of faxes between Williams and his Dutch shipping agent sent from his base in Acafess — where he was funded by public money.

Sadly for Williams the promise of huge profits went the way of most of his schemes. The pineapples, in four shipments, were held up in transit and started to decay. In a desperate attempt to recover some of his investment, he shipped them to Birmingham and sold them through the city markets. The over-ripe fruits went for a few pence each and flooded every stall and back-street grocer for two weeks.

MANCHESTER

AN ARROGANT attempt by Britain's would-be Olympic city to host the world's next mega ecology conference is in disarray.

Next June Manchester is meant to stage Giobal Forum, the follow-up to the 1992 Rio summit: 50,000 visitors, hundreds of pressure groups, scores of dignitaries and the world's media are expected to congregate in a carnival of carefree night-time party events and tremendously dull daytime brain-storming sessions.

Global Forum is supposed to be bank-rolled by council largesse and philanthropic local commerce, now recovering from 11 years of Fatcherism. There's just one problem: on 23 September the International Olympic Committee will announce the hosts for the 2000 games.

Manchester is far from certain to win the nomination, and in the run-up to D-Day the city council, nominally in charge of looking after both events, has got cold feet. If Manchester wins the Olympic nomination, the city can use Global Forum to show off its ability at handling a Big Event. If Manchester doesn't win the nomination, the world's media and jet-setting junketeers will be crossing Manchester off their ligging list.

Coincidentally, Global Forum has ground to a halt this summer and chief executive Dave Spooner has been booted off the board. No local groups are represented and meetings are held in private — just as well since the council has no green issues or recycling officer, and Friends of the Earth has described the city's environmental policies as "hilarious."

Why has Manchester taken on a project it seems unable to manage? Surely not just to hoodwink naive third-world Olympic committee members into believing it has their interests at heart and is worthy of their games host vote?

by 'New Muckspreader'

AS THE mad cow disease epidemic continues unchecked (1,000 new cases a week are rumoured) the lunatic ministry of agriculture is even more desperate to prove its theory that BSE is caused by feed produced from scrapie-infected sheep.

Only then can it convince an increasingly sceptical public that its policy of banning animal protein in ruminant feeds, introduced in July 1988 — and the slaughter of affected cattle which is costing the taxpayer more than £1 million a week — is working.

To win the "hearts and minds" of the public, nice Mr Meldrum, the government's chief vet, must show that the epidemic is confined to animals born before the feed ban. Younger animals cannot have consumed the suspect feed and therefore, theoretically, should not suffer from BSE. Imagine, then, how disconcerted the egregious Mr Meldrum must be now that, contrary to all expectations, more than 3,500 animals born after the ban have been reported as BSE positive.

With an ingenuity than can only be applauded, Meldrum's vets have adopted a clever new strategy to reduce the impact of this disturbing statistic. They only slaughter BSE suspect animals immediately if they were born before the ban. Animals born after the ban are merely placed under "observation".

After two or three "observation" visits from these newly diligent vets, a surprising number of the post-feed ban animals are found not to have BSE, without ever having been near a laboratory. These are left in the care of their owners, who must then call in private vets to despatch the animals for reasons which can never include BSE. Only the official ministry diagnoses of BSE are accepted; so no matter what other experts might say, an animal is not affected by BSE unless the ministry says it is.

Of those animals that even the most discriminating of ministry vets cannot avoid condemning, because their conditions are so obvious, a significant number are reported as "age unknown", even though the vets have complete access to compulsory herd records, which include the ages of all dairy cows.

These strategies have the effect of eliminating many of the younger animals from the official statistics, thereby increasing the average age of animals reported as BSE positive. This has allowed ministry scientists, after much statistical manipulation, to report to a much-relieved Mr Meldrum that the feed ban is working after all. Despite the transparency of this claim, it has served to keep the lid on the BSE issue, for the time being at least.

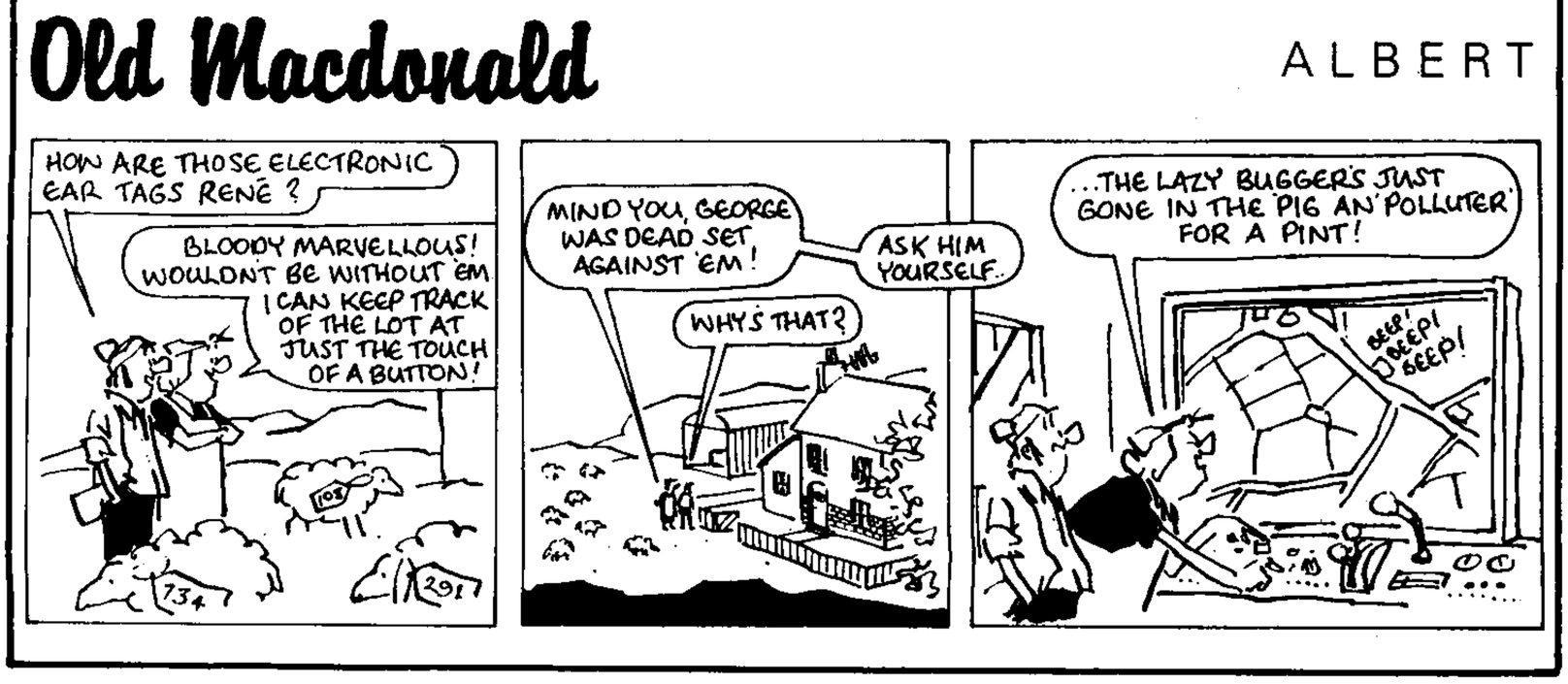
Nevertheless, the 3,500 BSE-positive animals born after the feed ban must remain a constant embarrassment. Perhaps now is the time for Meldrum to acknowledge the real cause of BSE — chronic, long-term organophosphorus (OP) insecticide poisoning (*Eye* 826).

What must be preventing the government's chief vet from coming clean about the hazards of organophosphorus compounds is that he would also have to admit that these chemicals — which his own ministry forced farmers to use — are having a devastating effect not only on cattle but on the farmers who apply them.

Evidence from an unimpeachable academic source will shortly be published demonstrating that not only do farmers and agricultural workers handling these compounds suffer disproportionately from ME (the so-called "yuppie flu") but also cancers which are related to insecticide exposure.

Another study, as yet unpublished in the UK, reports serious damage to immune systems of those exposed to OPs. And it appears that even sheep-dogs are suffering from an unaccountably high number of ailments not found in other working dogs.

Considering the scale and implications of the disaster, which some commentators are calling the biggest medical scandal since thalidomide, it is not surprising that Mr Meldrum should want to stick to his infected feed hypothesis for BSE.


Old Macdonald
ALBERT
HOW ARE THOSE ELECTRONIC EAR TAGS RENÉ ?
BLOODY MARVELLOUS! WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT 'EM I CAN KEEP TRACK OF THE LOT AT JUST THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON!
MIND YOU, GEORGE WAS DEAD SET AGAINST 'EM!
ASK HIM YOURSELF..
WHY'S THAT?
...THE LAZY BUGGER'S JUST GONE IN THE PIG AN' POLLUTER FOR A PINT!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

NOOKS and CORNERS

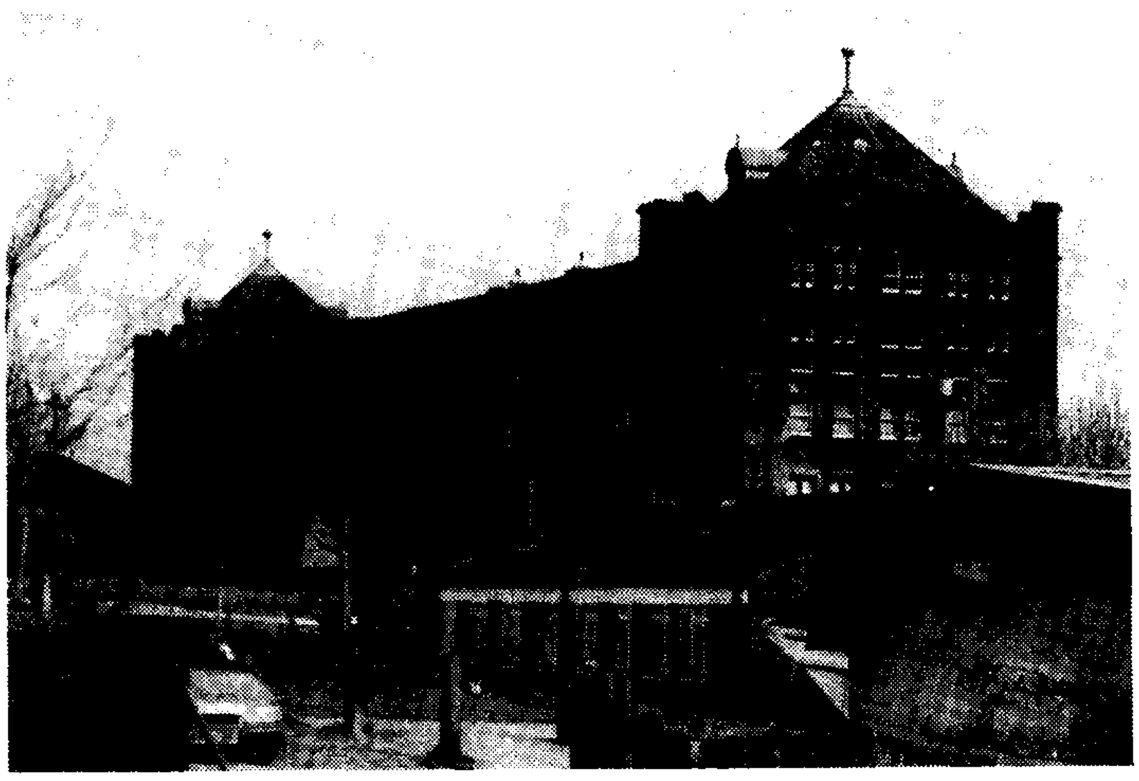
WE USED to be able to pride ourselves in Britain that our system of statutory listing of historic buildings was an objective index of architectural merit with no strings attached. For listing was carried out regardless of owners' wishes or intentions, structural condition and the availability, if any, of grant aid. But no longer.

Mr Jocelyn de Stevens, CVO, the egregious chairman of English Heritage, huffs and puffs about his desire "to move the heritage up the political agenda" but what is he doing about the really scandalous threat to the organisation to which he is such an ornament? I refer to the increasing tendency of civil servants and ministers to ignore the advice of English Heritage when it suits them.

Dark deeds are done under the protection of certificates of immunity from listing, nefarious documents which are increasingly handed out with gay abandon. Recent examples of their politically motivated misuse include the now-demolished library at Kidderminster (*Eye*s 791 and 805) and Giles Scott's noble Bankside power station (*Eye* 820). Here is another.

Last year the Victorian Society noticed that three fine school buildings in Leeds were about to become redundant, so it asked that they be considered for spot-listing. These were the Sandford Road Primary School in Kirkstall by Richard Adams of 1882; the Woodside School in Sheepscar by Walter Braithwaite of 1901 — the last surviving board school in Leeds — and, last but not least, the Wellington Middle School in Wortley of 1896, again by Braithwaite and the best of the bunch.

In November, the Victorian Society heard from the listing



branch of the department of national heritage that, "English Heritage recommended Wellington Middle School for listing but, after careful consideration of all the evidence, ministers decided that it did not possess sufficient special architectural or historic interest to merit listing." And then, to add injury to insult, the DNS revealed that it had agreed to Leeds city council's application for a certificate of immunity from listing in respect of Wellington Middle School. Shortly afterwards, the DNH did exactly the same for the Woodside School.

Oddly enough, the listing branch did agree to list Sandford Road School. In the opinion of both the Victorian Society and English Heritage, this was the least interesting of the three. More significantly, perhaps, it was the only one of the schools not immediately threatened with demolition. In the case of the other two schools, for which Leeds successfully requested certificates of immunity, there were outline planning applications for residential developments which the city council was minded to approve.

Naturally the Victorian Society was interested to know what "evidence" had been considered by ministers in ignoring the advice of English Heritage's inspectors and obliging Leeds city council, especially when it emerged that the Wellington School had been recommended for listing at Grade II. On 18 April, the West Yorkshire group of the Victorian Society wrote to Peter Brooke, the minister for national heritage, politely asking for clarification. No explanation has yet been vouchsafed.

THE September issue of the revamped RIBA Journal makes an extraordinarily cheering read, entirely because of a Gallup poll about the attitudes of the general public towards architects.

This is not anti-architecture, for it found that 38 percent would consider employing an architect to extend their homes and — *pace our loathsome deregulating* ***government — 90 percent think that only trained professionals and not surveyors, spivs and Poulsons, should be allowed to style themselves as "architects".***

So the customary hysterical paranoia of modernist architects is entirely unjustified. But when 1,000 people were asked to name three architects, 60 percent could not think of any. Dear old Christopher Wren came out top here, and people had heard of Lutyens, Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, Gilbert Scott, Nash and even — *though it grieves me to admit it* — ***bronzed and relaxed Sir Richard Rogers. But nobody named Quinlan Terry. And nobody thought of Sir Norman Foster! Eat your heart out, Sir Peregrine Worsthorne! Civilisation may be safe after all. So much for knighthoods — but perhaps this poll was taken before Lady Foster's court appearance made her latest married name a household word for glamour and humility.***

Another surprise: as many as 89 percent of those approached would be quite happy for their sons or daughters to marry an architect. Auberon Waugh's widely disseminated advice to punch an architect on the nose when you meet him has clearly not been effective. Unfortunately, no distinction was made in the poll between the sex appeal of knighted architects and that of mere ordinary practitioners. I wonder if there is a difference?

'Piloti'

SALLY DEEDES

ONE OF the latest ploys of mobile telephone companies is "negative mailing" — offering a new service the subscriber may or may not want but will get unless he or she writes expressly to decline it.

Photographer Stewart Perkins leases his mobile phone from London-based Talkland International. In May he received an "Important Message" suggesting that as part of its "continual goal to offer the highest standards" he might like to profit from a new message service. Mr Perkins did not want the service, and binned the letter.

A couple of months later he turned on his phone and a voice told him to ring another number as there was a message for him. Thinking he had some form of interference he took no notice, but the voice continued. On phoning the number he found that a client had wanted him to do a job. Normally, had his phone been turned off the client would have left a message on his answerphone. In this case Mr Perkins lost the commission worth £150.

Talkland told him he had been given the message service since he had not written back to say he didn't want one — and he had been charged for it. "So many people," he was told, "have inquired about the possibility of a message service we thought it only fair to give everyone the chance!"

Mr Perkins said he thought this was sharp practice and a way of getting trade by default. Two weeks later he received a written assurance that the service had been cancelled and that two months' phone rental would be free of charge.

TALES of more disasters suffered thanks to Pickfords, who moved a Mr and Mrs Reader to Hong Kong last November.

The couple gave Pickfords three jobs in connection with their return to the colony: a simple local removal in the UK; a large shipment to Hong Kong; and a small packing and storage job of valuable antique items in the UK.

The first was completed without problem, and the items for shipment were packed properly under the Readers' supervision. The items for storage were taken away with a promise that they would be repacked at the Pickfords warehouse before going into storage.

When the shipment arrived in Hong Kong the Readers were surprised that it comprised more cartons than it should have. The mystery was solved when a Georgian glass-fronted display cabinet wrapped loosely in brown paper with the legend "Mr and Mrs Reader storage" scrawled over it was plonked in their apartment. This was followed by other cartons and packages bearing the same inscription. The display cabinet had two broken legs and the frame of a once beautiful 17th century mirror was broken in innumerable places.

I like David Frost. I respect him. With Robin Day, he is the leading British interviewer of the television era. He is also a companion with whom it is impossible to spend a dull moment. Those who enjoy his friendship feel it is a privilege to do so.

DAVID MELLOR
Daily Telegraph

Submitted by Janice James.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

RAIL NEWS

RAIL travellers worried by the likely 15 per cent fares increase widely reported following the leaking of a BR document last month can expect much more bad news.

The leaked document suggested that a rise of up to 10 per cent would be needed simply to cover the enormous costs of establishing the madcap franchised rail system. On top of this rise will come the loss of the "price taper" for fares that cross the boundaries of different franchise areas.

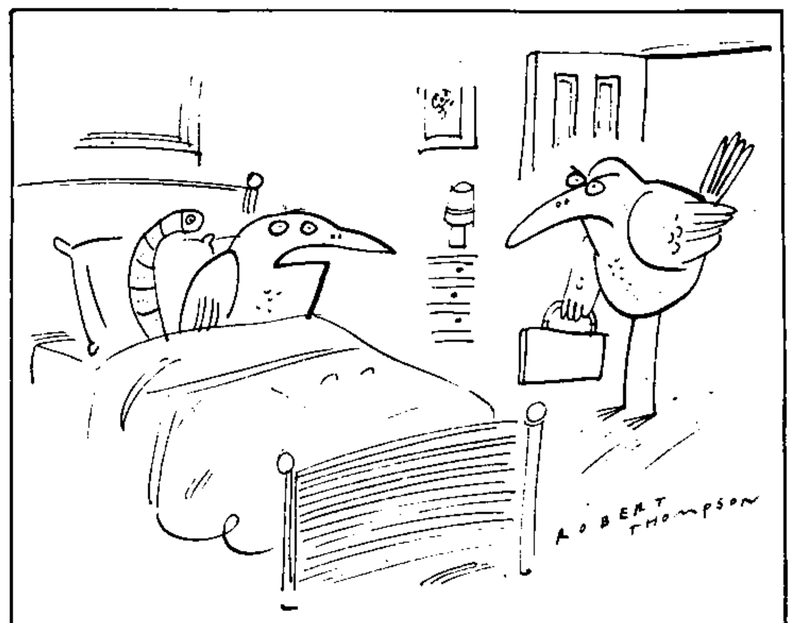
At present the price of a rail journey from, say, Dover to Cheltenham — through three future franchise areas — is far less than the sum total of the fares for each of the three stages. But BR sources say each franchisee will charge a standard tariff regardless of whether the traveller is local or has come from the other end of the country. This will push up longer-distance fares across franchise boundaries by up to 20 per cent, says the Railway Development Society.

The freedom to travel by any reasonable rail route between two places is also to be sacrificed in desperate attempt to reduce the bureaucracy of working out who gets what when the ticket revenue is shared out among franchisees. So although a Newcastle to Blackpool ticket will take you by any of three routes under the present uncompetitive arrangements, the wonderful market-friendly franchise system will mean passengers having to decide which route to use before booking a ticket.

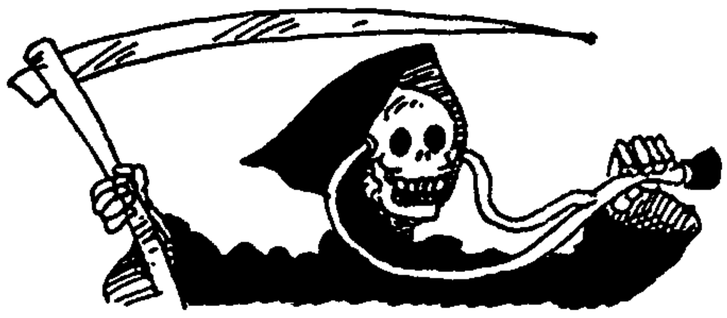
This will cause anger and loss of rail custom, particularly when passengers are barred from another franchise's train for the return journey (a parallel experience is already to be found in the ridiculous bus deregulation of 1986). If the next train on which your return ticket is valid happens to be due in two hours' time, or tomorrow, you could of course buy a single ticket for an alternative route — at extra cost.

Perhaps the most shocking news of all is that 40 per cent of rail fares are set to double — at least — because there are unlikely to be nationwide successors to BR's popular reduced fares such as super savers, cheap day returns and apex. The legislation means franchisees will not be obliged to accept other companies' reduced-fare offers, and, if the experience of privatised buses is anything to go by, the different firms will be incapable of collaborating.

The net result, according to transport analyst Barry Doe, will be full-price tickets for most journeys across franchise boundaries (about half all journeys). While a ticket from Norwich to Torquay, for instance, now costs £53 (super saver), the same journey under privatisation will be £118 (full return fare). Add the loss of railcards, and some travellers will be paying nearly 250 per cent more.



"Norman! You're early!"



DOING THE ROUNDS

NORWICH Union Health Care has been advertising its new "Trust Care" plan of private health insurance on Classic FM radio by referring to the "independent sector of the NHS".

Further privatisation is being planned by the NHS management executive, who have authorised the release to private enterprise of confidential files on patients and hospital staff covering 29 services considered eligible for "market testing" to gauge the cost effectiveness of contracting them out.

This is the first time such files have been allowed outside NHS control.

● SIR Duncan Nichol, retiring chief executive of the management executive, claims to have achieved "the creation of a new NHS, returning benefits to patients from a streamlined management and targeted needs".

The 250,000 who live in the catchment area of **London's University College hospital** and the thousands who travel to it from outside might beg to differ. Despite recommendations from the Tomlinson report and the London Implementation Group to keep UCH open, it will soon fall foul of **Camden and Islington health authority's** £20 million savings programme. With it will go London's busiest casualty department, which treats 60,000 patients a year, including all AIDS emergencies.

Nurses who have been on strike since mid-August in protest have been prevented by the management from entering the hospital to arrange emergency cover. Those who have been on strike but on-duty for emergencies face disciplinary action for gross misconduct from general manager Sue Griffiths. Chief executive Charles Marshall described the nurses' action as "sincere but misguided".

UCH's financial plight is not helped by the fact that between April and August this year, 250 lucrative extra-contractual referrals to the hospital were refused by the referring GPs' health authorities. The government's patients' charter states that such referrals can only be refused if managers can show it is in the patients' best interests to do so. The charter is, however, not enforceable by law and is widely flouted. Elsewhere in London, managers at the heavily indebted **King's healthcare trust** have written to all staff asking for volunteers to take redundancy.

● THE £24 million indebted **South Birmingham health authority** has announced its customary Christmas bed closures four months early: 120 beds (60 medical, 48 surgical and 12 orthopaedic) are set to go at **Queen Elizabeth** and **Selly Oak hospitals** despite the increased demand on emergency beds that winter brings. SBHA has written off £5 million in bad debts including £150,000 from private patients and £2 million from other health authorities. SBHA chairman Bryan Stoten has no plans to pursue the debtors because their identity is either unknown or in dispute. SBHA's 50 staff are currently housed in plush headquarters in Highfield Road, Edgbaston, which cost £250,000 a year to lease. However, they weren't posh enough for a recent crisis meeting which was instead held at Stratford's Ettington Park Hotel. SBHA was due to share the secret of its success in a "performance management workshop" on 8 September for £145, including lunch and a comprehensive information handbook. Phone 021 442 4644.

● THE long-awaited new £50 million hospital in **Calderdale, Halifax** has been further delayed after the department of health ordered basic plans to be resubmitted. The latest in a long line of hold-ups was reported in *In Touch*, the glossy **Calderdale NHS trust** newsletter, under the headline "Progress on our new hospital".

● MANAGERS at **Scunthorpe and Goole NHS trust** have found "a £1.4 million gap between income and expenditure". Chief executive Candy Morris has asked staff to play a part in cutting costs. Efforts will include reduced staffing at weekends, overtime restrictions and vacancies being filled by people with "the minimum essential skills working the minimum essential hours". Presumably for the minimum essential pay.

● **EALING hospital trust** has been advertising its orthopaedic services to patients outside the district in *Woman's Weekly*. Business manager John Blakesley told one enquirer that surgeons could usually start treatment within eight weeks of referral by their GP. Patients living within the broke **Ealing, Hammersmith and Hounslow health authority** boundary have to wait up to two years for the privilege. In **Cambridge**, the waiting time for orthopaedics at **Adenbrooke's hospital** now exceeds two years — and that's just to get an initial appointment.

● **NEWCASTLE'S Royal Victoria Infirmary** has reduced its evening meal to NHS patients to soup and sandwiches as part of a £300,000 "cost improvement" plan. However, RVI's private patients will still have to make the tricky choice between grilled rainbow trout, lemon sole, steak or Beef Wellington.

● **COVENTRY and Warwickshire hospital** is closing down many services and transferring them to the **Walsgrave hospital**, four miles south west of the city centre. The Walsgrave is poorly served by public transport and many patients find it impossible to reach.

In **Sheffield**, an "excess in investment on existing services of some £20 million per annum" is forcing the closure of **Nether Edge hospital** and one of the city's two casualty departments, and the scaling down of the Stone Grove development which was to replace **Jessops hospital. Sheffield health authority** has also asked its district nurses to means-test patients as part of the new community care legislation. This is unlikely to do much for the nurse-patient relationship.

● IN **HERTFORDSHIRE**, the schools of nursing at **Watford general, Barnet, Hemel Hempstead, the Lister** and **Queen Elizabeth hospitals** are being amalgamated into the university of Hertfordshire, forcing 250 people to fight for 130 jobs — except lecturers who already work at the university, whose jobs have been automatically guaranteed.

M.D.

JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE PRESCRIPTION
THESE N.H.S. WAITING LISTS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND!
THAT'S WHY WE'RE CLOSING THE HOSPITALS!
John Kent

Letters

Best letter

Sir,

Backbiter seems to be getting his information from some dubious sources.

The reference to my car accident 13 years ago fails to mention that the other driver was convicted of not having any lights on a dark stretch of road. The comment attributed to me is untrue.

The Immigration Appeals Advisory Service is an independent charity and I was appointed not by the government but by the trustees (one of whom is a former Labour MP).

Prisoners Abroad, which, incidentally, has been going for 15 years, is also an independent charity which has always reserved the right to criticise the government when justified (you should read the report of the National Audit Office on consular work which relied heavily on our evidence). Falsely to claim otherwise is to put at risk the lives and welfare of many of our more than 800 prisoners around the world.

The main reason that Prisoners Abroad dissociated itself from Fair Trials Abroad is because of that latter organisation's policy which we found offensive. I quote from its document: "An assumption that the native lawyers of the Community, the Old Commonwealth and North America will normally give honest advice and be possessed of sufficient courage to inform the Consulate of miscarriages of justice is reasonable. The real breakdown of effective policy... relates to the Third World areas..." Your readers will judge whether or not such a statement is "fair". Some people would use another word.

It is interesting that Backbiter was unaware of a letter dated 3 September 1992 from Fair Trials Abroad to myself which stated "we would be extremely worried and concerned for you if your openly associated with a Political Human Rights Pressure Group such as ours." We took the advice. It hardly conforms with your version of events.

Yours faithfully,
KEITH BEST,

Director, Prisoners Abroad, London EC1.

Sir,

With reference to your attack in Backbiter on Keith Best and his decision to dissociate Prisoners Abroad from the organisation Fair Trials Abroad you have picked the wrong target.

Prisoners Abroad has been in existence for many years helping Britons jailed for offences overseas. Fair Trials Abroad is a political organisation set up by a previously little heard of London solicitor on the back of the "Smith/Cahill" case, the two young girls who were recently given a pardon by the King of Thailand.

The ethical conduct of Fair Trials Abroad has already been questioned in the House of Lords (see Criminal Justice Bill — Hansard, 26 July 1993). It was, after all, the head of Fair Trials Abroad who was demanding £100,000 for the Karyn Smith story — until the Press Complaints Commission stepped in.

While Keith Best may well have had a colourful past I have visited prisons in South America, Turkey, and of course Thailand, and can bear witness to the gratitude of prisoners who benefit from the work of Prisoners Abroad.

I could not recommend Fair Trials Abroad to anyone who wants a fair trial abroad.

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW DRUMMOND,

Freelance Foreign Correspondent/Broadcaster, Bangkok, Thailand.

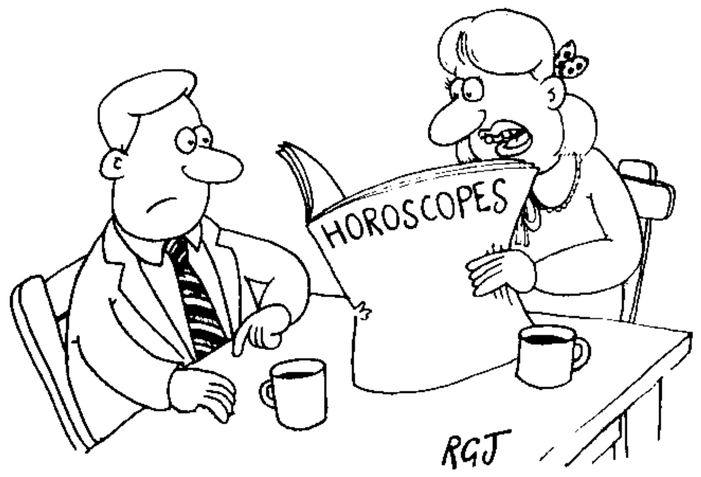
Lean pickings

Sir,

I have neither been sacked nor disciplined (827), and gave no grounds for any "complaint". I await your grovelling apology.

Yours,
GEOFFREY LEAN,

THE OBSERVER, *London SW8.*



"Apparently I'm a very gullible person who'll believe any old rubbish"

Gee, Stringfellow

Sir,

With regards to the defamatory remarks and inaccurate information regarding the sale of my New York Club — "Stringfellows Presents Pure Platinum".

Granted the SUN *article was rather extravagant in accidentally inserting £ instead of $, but the truth is the total sale package was in excess of $4m. As for Michael J. Peters, I would like to make it abundantly clear he was at no time my partner and as for outmanoeuvreing me this is pure fabrication.*

As for your claim that your "New York source" says I only received $200,000 is absolutely ludicrous. Apart from anything else, I have left a licensing deal in place for my trade mark "Stringfellows Presents" of New York in excess of $1m. My advice to you is sack immediately your "New York source" the man is obviously an idiot.

I have on many occasions been advised to sue for libel various newspapers and have not done so — you came very close. However, I do like publicity, thanks for the plug, next time ring for the facts as Piers Morgan did.

So pip pip to you mate!
PETER J. STRINGFELLOW,

London WC2.

Windsor war

Sir,

Further to your illustrious columns of the previous issue (Street of Shame — THE GUARDIAN*) I confirm that I have told Shamefaced Milne on several occasions that I have no intention of co-operating with him in the preparation of his forthcoming tome (to be called perhaps "Noddy and Big Ears upset Scargill") any more than I would willingly sharpen my executioner's axe.*

However much I might try to prove to him that I was not placed by MI5 inside the NUM to discredit the innocent president of the miners, he would only view my denials as the dastardly deeds of a highly trained intelligence operative.

ROGER WINDSOR,

Gondeville, France.

Gnome balls

Sir,

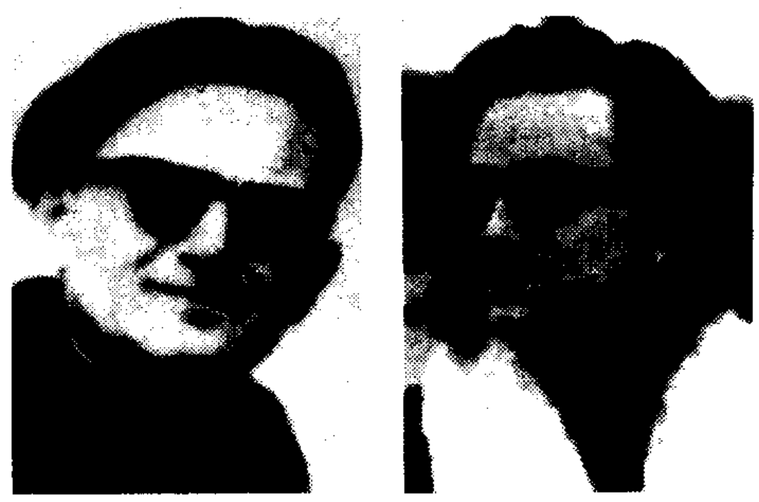
Re Square miles. What do the literate smarties at EYE *use to measure the area of a triangle then? Triangular miles? (I refer to Colemanballs, 27 August. Come to think of it the* EYE *volume of balls would be even more interesting.)*

The universal delight in and vigorous propagation of innumeracy by journalists is the real reason for the alienation of British youth from science, and thus engineering. They are sabotaging the economy more callously for personal prestige than are the combined forces of monetarists, Keynesians, speculators and ministers for education.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN WHEAVER,

Milton Keynes.

Lookalike



Bono **Pope**

Sir,

I am not much given to idle speculation, but believe I have unearthed irrefutable evidence that two men, Karol Wojtyla and Paul Hewson, may be masterminding the most dastardly global extortion racket ever, as well as being consanguineous.

Not only do they both use sinister-sounding stage names ("The Pope" and "Bono" respectively): both are flagrant self-publicists whose bombastic pontification has whipped up hysteria among millions of susceptible followers in stadia around the world.

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD ATKINSON,

London W11.

No Booker prize

Sir,

As one of the 89 women sacked by Bookers (after working for Middlebrooks 9 years) I would like to thank Bookworm for his comments about our dispute.

I would also like to nominate Dennis J. Driscoll (Letters) for an award. A Booker Prize for industry?

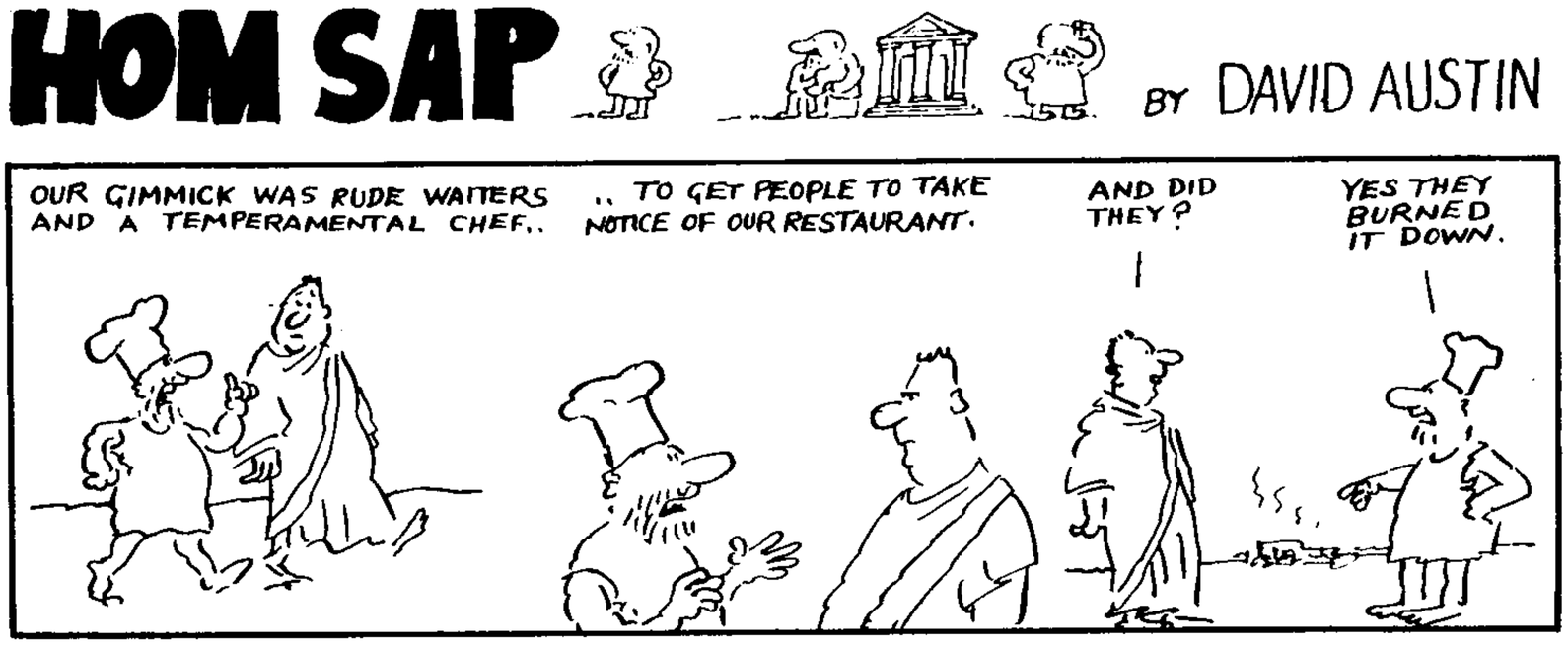
His interpretation of negotiations is unique, no mention of the threats and intimidation, i.e. if you don't accept this deal we will close the farm; or, why should we pay you £3.74 an hour, when we can get people off the dole for £2.80?

Throughout all these negotiations(?) our union convenor wasn't allowed on the farm. Then to sack us for not doing overtime after he had employed casual workers to do it deserves some sort of a reward, and I hope he gets what he deserves. I'm sure Bookers will oblige.

I can write this letter because I was sacked. If I signed the last contract offered to me, I wouldn't be able to make statements to the media without Bookers consent.

Yours faithfully,
MS B.K. EMMERSON,

Selby, N. Yorks.


HOM SAP
BY DAVID AUSTIN
OUR GIMMICK WAS RUDE WAITERS AND A TEMPERAMENTAL CHEF..
.. TO GET PEOPLE TO TAKE NOTICE OF OUR RESTAURANT.
AND DID THEY?
YES THEY BURNED IT DOWN.

Scard

Sir,

Your article about Birmingham in Rotten Boroughs (18 June) was not accurate. Just for the record then. I wasn't "removed" from my previous job as Birmingham's chief media officer and so your inference is misleading. I was on a temporary contract and decided to take an offer of work in London, which is what I'm now doing. Next time check your facts.

Yours sincerely,
JO SCARD,

Former chief media officer, Birmingham City Council.

Ray of light

Sir,

You are unfair to Ray Snoddy. As a hack covering the same industry, albeit for trade papers rather than the FINANCIAL TIMES, *I've been reading his stuff for some 10 years. He has a just reputation for digging out stories and for reporting accurately.*

In the days when British Satellite Broadcasting, in which Pearson plc had a big stake, was fighting to the death with Sky, he showed no bias. Now that Pearson has a minority stake in the merged BSkyB, even in the shortest articles he has always scrupulously mentioned the fact.

Yours faithfully,
ALAN BURKITT-GRAY,

Editor, "Cable & Satellite Communications International", London E2.

A pedant writes...

Sir,

It's "rem ACU *tetigisti" actually, and it was Plautus not Horace.*

People in glass houses etc.

Yours pedantically,
PAUL FERGUSON,

St Helier, Jersey.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The power worries me, but I don't go in there worrying about the power or anything."
LENNOX LEWIS, BBC1
(Paul Higgins)

"Either the car is stationary or it's on the move."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Sophie Price)

"The game kicks off when it kicks off and when it kicks off it's over."
TOM TYRALL, Piccadilly Radio
(Robert Schofield)

"There's a little bit of nitty gritty flying about, which is nice to see."
RAY WILKINS, Channel 4
(Paul Spart)

"The pacemaker shook everyone by staying in front and finishing third."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC2
(William Davidson)

Letter from **The Orkneys**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE ORKNEY children snatched from their beds in the "dawn raids" of February 1991 and returned to their homes a month later when it was obvious there was not a shred of evidence to support allegations of satanic ritual abuse were, it seems, the lucky ones.

The greater punishment has and is still being suffered by the children of family "W" who were bludgeoned into making the original allegations of non-existent satanic ritual abuse.

In the early 1980s several children from the W family told Orkney social workers they had been abused by their father. Nothing was done. Further complaints from the eldest daughter resulted in an inquiry, but medicals appeared negative and the family was too frightened of the father to give evidence. The father was then successfully prosecuted in 1986 for the physical abuse of one of his sons, and this gave two of the daughters the courage to go to social workers again. This time evidence of sexual abuse was found and the father was jailed for seven years.

A year after the father's trial, the Royal Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (RSSPCC), the society whose employees gained confessions of non-existent abuse from the children snatched in the dawn raids, subjected the "W" family to an assessment which was based on the unproven theory that *all abused children become abusers.*

Because the assessment could have been carried out in Orkney, Mrs W was very reluctant for EW, one of the elder girls, to be assessed on the mainland. Eventually Mrs W agreed, however; and once EW, who had been very badly affected by the abuse, was on the mainland, she was subjected to the now infamous disclosure therapy. The process, which had been condemned by Lord Justice Butler Sloss a year earlier, consists largely of interviewing children repeatedly until they finally agree with the interviewer.

After obtaining induced statements regarding EW's siblings, social workers obtained place of safety orders for the eight younger children whom they claimed were being abused by the older children and by each other. They removed the children to mainland Scotland.

Despite being ordered by the local children's panel to return the children to their home, a case conference deliberately opposed the order, an action which was unheard of. After two months on the mainland, the children were finally returned to their mother but placed under a supervision order.

Social workers became involved in a long-running dispute with the local children's panel over home assessments until 31 October 1990 — the day before the order was due to expire. A few days before the end of the month OW, the eldest daughter who was so badly affected by the sexual abuse she had suffered — and by the trauma of the uplift and disclosure therapy — that she was described by three experienced psychologists as psychotic, was persuaded to make allegations regarding the abuse of "some" of her siblings.

The younger W children were taken into care for the second time in November 1990 and remain there to this day. They were taken from their school; some ran through the corridors screaming for help and the youngest boy locked himself in the toilet until he was told (falsely) that the social workers had gone.

Three members of the Orkney children's panel resigned in disgust, and a campaign was mounted in South Ronaldsay, where the children live, for their return. The leaders of this campaign later had their own children snatched in the infamous dawn raids after they were named by the W children as perpetrators of satanic ritual abuse.

It is now clear that the families' names were originally provided by the interviewers themselves during disclosure therapy. They used methods — including physically restraining children from leaving the room — which were described on *Panorama* by Val Mellor, a leading child psychologist, as "seriously flawed" and "some of the poorest I've ever seen". No tape recordings were made during vital interviews by RSSPCC interviewer Liz McLean; and her co-interviewer, WPC Linda Williamson, shredded her note pad.

After the completion of assessments the W children all said repeatedly that they wished to return home, but requests were denied because of social workers' assertions that all abused children become abusers, a theory that is totally discredited.

Mrs W has fought throughout for the return of her children. She has no car, lives five miles from the nearest bus stop and 25 miles from the nearest town, but has never failed to attend fortnightly access meetings. She also attends quarterly children's panel hearings at which she is not allowed legal representation.

The access meetings dwindled until she met only two of her children after she was handed a succession of one-line notes from the others. Each note said in virtually identical words that the relevant child no longer wished to see her. The children had long since been separated, and five of them now had no contact with any member of his or her immediate family, but they had all, in any event, been repeatedly told by social workers that their mother and siblings didn't love them and didn't want to see them any more. The children have also been kept away from panel hearings.

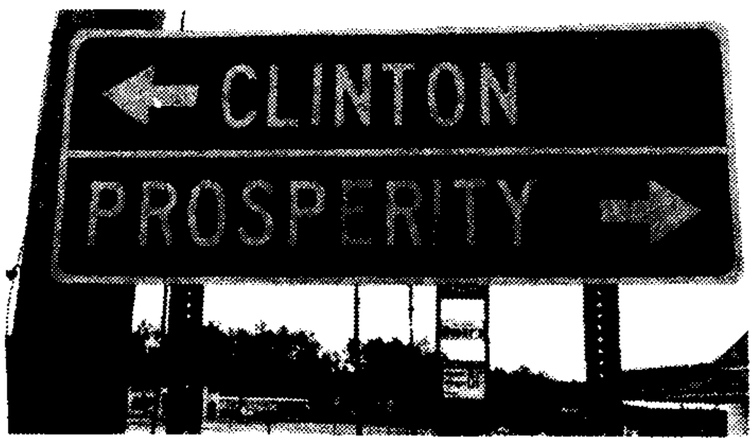
The one person who might have been able to prevent this horrifying chain of events was Katherine Kemp, the reporter to the children's panel. Mrs Kemp had continually fought with OIC's social services department because of their desire to uplift the W children until OIC decided to sack her. They were then surprised to learn that they had no right to do so and she was eventually reinstated on the instructions of the Secretary of State for Scotland. In the time between her dismissal and reinstatement, the W children were uplifted.

Much of what has happened to the W children is illegal, nearly everything else which has been done to them is improper. Two of the older children have returned to their home, but Orkney's social services department will seek in November legally to assume parental rights over the other seven children. This will mean the end of Mrs W's campaign for their return and will also mean that the social workers will put the children up for adoption. The British Agencies for Adoption and Fostering (BAAF) has been appointed as "independent assessor" to consider the "best interests" of the five W children kept in care for nearly three years.

How Mrs W is expected to view BAAF as an "independent" assessor when it was appointed by the very department that seized her children in the first place remains a mystery.

I-SPY

Submitted by Rebecca Hunt, Phil Rickman. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*



South Carolina

Builth Wells, Powys

FUNNY OLD WORLD

O "In retrospect, lighting the match was my big mistake. But I was only trying to retrieve the gerbil," Vito Bustone told bemused doctors in the Severe Burns Unit of Salt Lake City Hospital.

Bustone, and his homosexual partner Kiki Rodriguez, had been admitted for emergency treatment after a felching session had gone seriously wrong. "I pushed a cardboard tube up his rectum and slipped Faggot, our gerbil, in," he explained. "As usual, Kiki shouted out 'Armageddon', my cue that he'd had enough. I tried to retrieve Faggot but he

wouldn't come out again, so I peered into the tube and struck a match, thinking the light might attract him."

At a hushed press conference, a hospital spokesman described what happened next. "The match ignited a pocket of intestinal gas and a flame shot up the tube, igniting Mr Bustone's moustache and severely burning his face. It also set fire to the gerbil's fur and whiskers which, in turn, ignited a larger pocket of gas further up the intestine, propelling the rodent out like a cannonball."

Bustone suffered second degree burns and a broken nose from the impact of the gerbil, while Rodriguez suffered first and second degree burns to his anus and lower intestinal tract. Sheriff Hugo Root later told reporters: "It's Faggot I feel sorry for. Being stuffed up some queen's tradesman's entrance..." *(Bloomberg News Service 11/8/93. Spotter — Dr Stewart A. Cowley)*

—O—

O "We were simulating a leak at a gas plant, so it was supposed to be a disaster. Unfortunately, it turned out to be a bigger disaster than we had bargained for," Inspector Turnbull of the Hartlepool Police Force noted in his official memo.

"It didn't start well. The actors pretending to be casualty victims arrived three hours late and there was some sort of argument about catering and who would get 'star billing'. Then a police car drove up to the south gatehouse and the officer inadvertently alerted the staff that a secret exercise was about to take place. It hardly mattered anyway because, when the chemical emissions alarm was sounded, neither the police nor the fire brigade heard it, and half an hour later someone had to phone them up to tell them it had gone off.

"Things got worse. A fireman fell through an open staircase, a volunteer had a severe asthma attack on a high gantry, and three other volunteers got hypothermia after being drenched with fire hoses, and we had no option but to abort the exercise. God alone knows what will happen if there ever really *is* a leak at the plant. It's the last time I work with actors." *(Police, August 1993. Spotter — Anna Steinitz)*

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

—O—

O *"Do we stink? Are we dirty? Give us money or we will smash all your flower pots, even the big ones," enraged eunuchs screamed at a Delhi housewife.*

For months the residents of Chittranjan Park, South Delhi, have been terrorised by a gang of belligerent eunuchs, who burst into newly constructed houses and demand money from the owners, threatening to damage their property if they refuse. "I pleaded with them that our house was still incomplete," the tearful wife of an army officer told reporters, "but they said they were incomplete too and kept chanting 'Our purses are long and empty like the pumpkins of a man from Salli — pay up' and demanded 1,100 rupees." When Mr P.R. Bhattacharya refused to pay them 2,001 rupees they stripped naked and assaulted his relatives by breaking wind in their faces. "I was in the middle of performing grih puja at the time, and had to hide in the bathroom," he complained to police. Dozens of similar cases have been reported.

A spokesman for the East Pakistan Displaced Persons' Association complained that the authorities were turning a blind eye to the eunuchs' behaviour: "You can't catch them anyway. Those without testicles can run like the wind." (The Times of India News Service, 21/6/93. Spotter — Charles Carlton)

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (10)

A DRAUGHT EXCLUDER

THOMAS

THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

Thomas runs non-stop

"HEY! You've gone past my stop!" screamed a middle-aged shopper from Clarabel's front window.

"Sorry, madam," replied Thomas. "That one's a private station these days, and only express trains can afford to stop there. You'll just have to walk from the next public station."

But she had a better idea the following week. When Thomas was approaching her normal stop she pulled the communication cord. "Thank you," she said primly as Thomas screeched to a halt beside the platform in the private station.

"Look!" yelled Gordon the Virgin Engine from the opposite platform. "There's someone getting off a *local* train!"

Six liveried porters rushed to the shopper's assistance. They lifted her off her feet and stuffed her back inside Clarabel.

"She was wearing a *plastic mackintosh!"* spat Gordon. "How vulgar."

"All right, gentlemen, everything's under control," said the station public relations manager. He was attempting to calm all the double-breasted business travellers who had witnessed the spectacle, but they both looked in half a mind to make a dash for their BMWs.

Gordon was also visibly shaken. "And a *carrier bag*, too. Ugh!"

BUT the shopper got her own back. By the following week the platform where Thomas's local riff-raff used to alight had been hurriedly fenced off and turned into a city-centre car park. So now she parks her Lada on the station — and for half the train fare she used to pay.

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

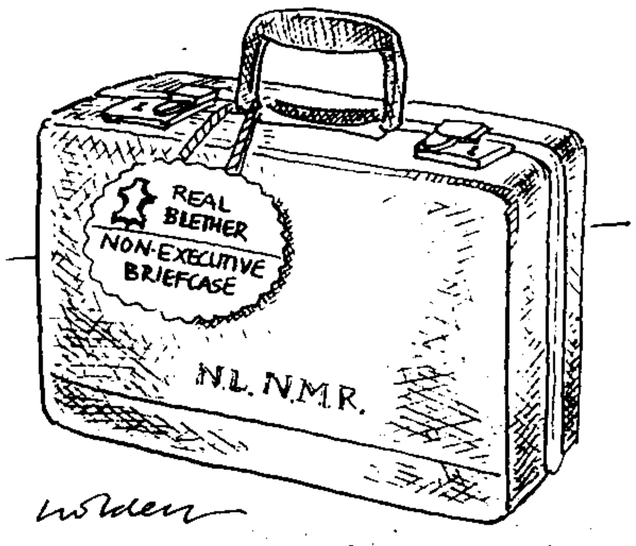
I am back on holiday. Oh yes. No one can accuse me of not relaxing! It has been particularly relaxing not to have to read the English newspapers, which have been so considerably unhelpful of late.

I went for a short walk into the village this morning to buy some insect repellant, as my wife Norman and I have been bothered by the mosquitoes. I did not know the Algarvian word for mosquito, but I pointed out one of my bites to the shopkeeper and made a whining noise. "Ah," he said, "Senor Kenneth Baker — grande bastardo!" I was in no small measure puzzled by this display of Algarvian banter, until he brought out a copy of the *Independente di Algarve*, which had a big headline saying "Majore E Judas Dica Baker — Ritorno di Maggie Probabile". I realised at once that I was so relaxed that I could now return home immediately.

Tuesday

It seems that a very grave crisis has arisen while I was leaving Mr Hurd to run the country. Mr Baker, who in my judgement always had a not inconsiderably irritating smile, has written an article in the *Sunday Times* saying that I invented a toothache so that I would not have to support Mrs Thatcher in the leadership contest. As I told the Cabinet at an emergency session: "It is completely untrue that I did not have toothache. My diaries will prove this when they are published after I have stopped being prime minister."

"Oh," said Mr Waldegrave, as he handed round a plate of the new Chocolate Bungee-Jumpers, "so we'll all be reading about it at Christmas." Everyone laughed at Mr Waldegrave,



who had clearly got the wrong end of the stick as usual. But then I put on my serious voice and asked my new friend Mr Clarke: "What can I do about this terrible smear?"

"If I was you, prime minister, which I probably soon will be, I would lie low for a few weeks and pretend you've got a toothache."

Wednesday

An even graver crisis is now confronting the nation. In spite of my triumph in saving the News at Ten, the ITV people are going to move it to half-past-six after all. You cannot do this to a national institution. Imagine if I was to move from Number 10 to Number Half-past-six — no one would take me seriously. I told Miss Hogg to send one of my famous angry faxes to the ITV bosses, saying that I was not inconsiderably displeased. It must have made a great impact, because I was later told that they had put it up on the notice board with the words "Stupid Bastard" written on it. Obviously that is what they thought of whoever had made such a silly decision.

Thursday

At our daily emergency cabinet meeting we discussed all these rumours in the newspapers about the Cabinet being split on tax. I said there was no split, and Mr Clarke said there was. I am not sure he is my friend after all. "I gave the nation a solemn promise that we would not raise taxes," I said. "Well, that's all right," said Mr Clarke. "Everyone will be expecting you to put them up." In my judgement this was a very silly thing to say, and shows that Mr Clarke has not got the qualities of a prime minister, as all the uninformed people in the media keep saying.

On the News (Still at Ten, oh yes), I saw Mr Brown from the Labour Party holding up a poster of a bomb, saying Tories Will Put The Taxes Up. "How pathetic they are," I told my wife Norman. "It's just a copy of that very clever poster my ex-friend Chris thought up when I won the election." "Yes, pathetic," she said, and went off to bed with a copy of Sir David Frost's memoirs, Risen Without Trace, which he had sent round by special messenger this morning. "He reminds me of someone else I know," she said, giving me a funny look.

Friday

I was woken up this morning by a phone call from my friend Sir Norma Fowler. "Prime minister," he said. "I have given up my non-executive job as a director of Group 4 to spend more time with you. And if they tell you that Group 4 has sacked me because I might stop them winning all the contracts to build the new private prisons, I want you to know that it's a complete lie."

"I perfectly understand, Norma," I said. "But I think resigning is a bit drastic. Couldn't you just pretend you had a toothache when the bids came up?"

Saturday

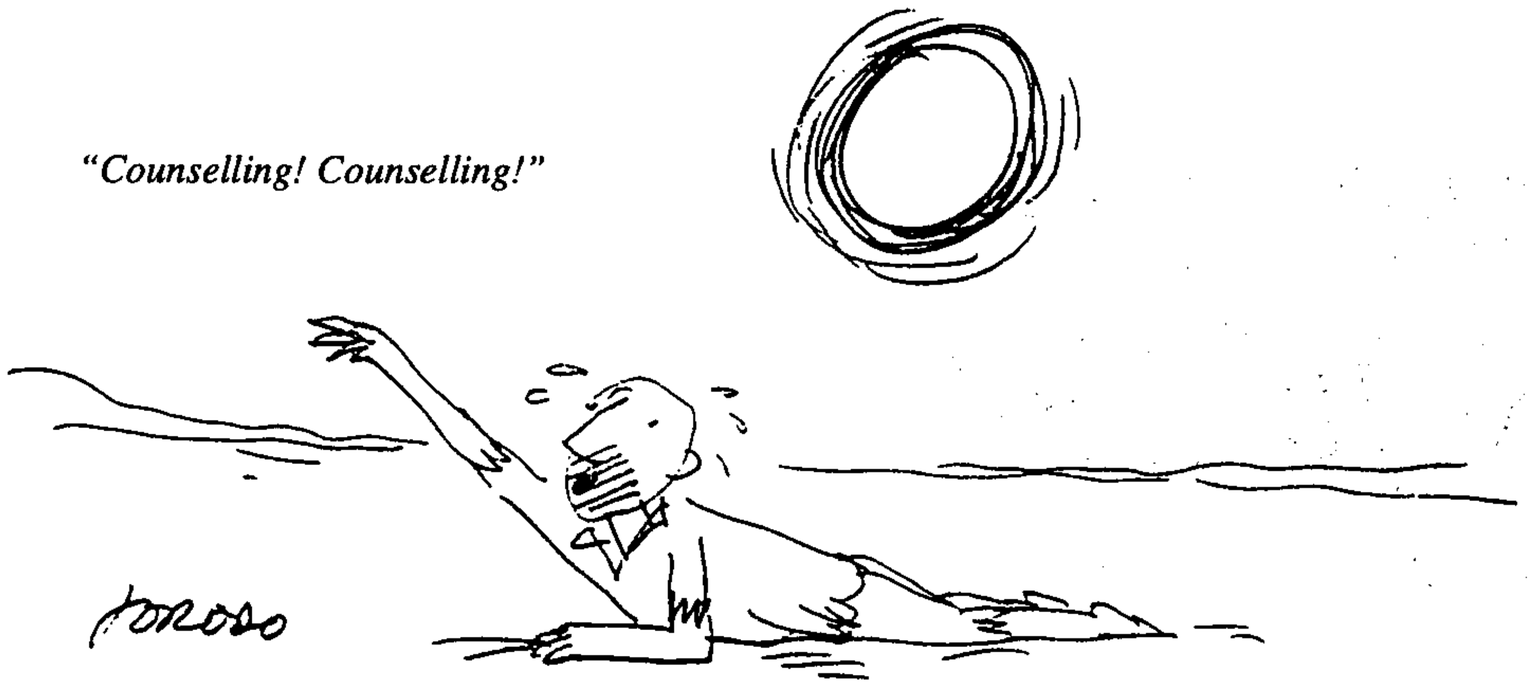
This morning I got a call from my former friend Norma Lamont. He wanted me to be the first to know that he has got a new non-executive job. "Does that mean they don't pay you?" I asked. "No, it means I don't have to work — and I get paid more than you," he said, and the phone went dead.

When Miss Hogg came in, I said: "Did you know that Mr Lamont has got a new job in the City?" "Of course I did," she said. "We fixed it up." "But why should a bank take on someone who doesn't know the first thing about money?" I asked. "Because if they didn't we wouldn't give them any more privatisation contracts," she said. "But why should we want them to help Mr Lamont?" I asked. "Because it's the only way to make sure he keeps his mouth shut during the Party conference," she explained. I am certainly very lucky to have such a clever woman as Miss Hogg around to make sure that my Government runs so smoothly.

Monday

I really am famous. A whole book has been written about me! It is by Penny Junor and it says I am an Enigma! I told this to my wife Norman at breakfast who said: "Well, that is a variation." I had no idea what she was talking about.

It says in the book that I will only give up being Prime Minister when I choose and I will not be forced out. This is quite right and shows what a good journalist Miss Junor is. Oh yes. I remember telling her: "When the time comes for me to go, I will stay on."



FLEET STREET'S MAD COW!?!

GLENDA SLAGG

THE GAL WITH THE SIX YEAR OLD BEEF!

CALL me old-fashioned, but I thought people were assoomed innocent till they've been proven guilty?!! Isn't that right, Mr Pressman?!! So why for Gawd's sake is Wacko Jacko tried and hung by the Meejah before he even knows what he's accused of!?! Frankly it makes me ashamed to be a journalist!?!?!

WACKO Jacko!? What a perv?!! A-creepin' and a-sleepin' with little lads scarcely out of short pants!?! URGHHH! He says "I'm Bad"!? Well, now we know!? Crawl back into the sewer Mr Molester and keep your filthy hands off the fans!?! Geddit!?!

MICHAEL Jackson!?! Doesn't he make yer flesh crawl?! (You've done this one, Ed.)

WACKO Jacko!? *(Look, I told you. Do someone else. Ed.)*

DIDJA read about the wife-swappin' policemen who traded in their Missis for the ladies next door?!?!!

What a couple of bent coppers!?! No wonder they called them PC69!?! (Geddit?!) How sickening!?! It's almost as sickenin' as that Michael Jackson, what a bender!?! (You're fired, Ed.)

HERE they are, Glenda's Satellite Dishes!?!

● **NIGEL SHORT**!?! What's your first move, Big Boy!? Why don't we take a knight off together and go for some pawn?! Geddit?

● **LUCIAN FREUD**?!! Ok, so he's old and wrinkled but he lets it all hang out!?!! Mmmm!?!

● **TRISTAN GAREL-JONES.** Crazy name, crazy guy!?

Byeee!?!

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam LBC

So. Farewell
Then
LBC.

Famous for
Phone-Ins.

"Hello. This is
Sid from
Sydenham.

"I am a
First-time
Caller.

"I think
It is
Scandalous personally.

Whatever
It is."

"Thank you
Caller."

That was
The way it
Used to go.

E.J. Littlethribb (17½)

LIZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS ©RGJ
№27
COMPETETIVE TENDERING
YER COMMIN'WI'WOR WIMMIN'S GROUP TA SEE TH' FUNNY CREATCHAS WI'STICKY-OOT EARS IN MAKE-BELIEVE LAND!
THEY WENT TO BALMORAL LAST WEEK!
SNIFF!
HOLI-DI
I'M WITH STOOPID
MEANWHILE, AT BALMORAL..
IF YA WANNA RISE AH WANT MORE COST EFFECTIVE BOWIN'!
AYE! TRY SOME REAL WORK FER YER WAGES!
ULP!
ONE'S FAT SLAG'S GORRA SHRINK!
AH WISH SHE'D DISAPPEAR AAL TOGETHAH!
NOW 2P
DAILY GRAILY
FERGIE GETS IT TWICE WEEKLY ON THE COUCH
AHHH, WOR GRANNIE, THE SWEET SMELL O' THE GLENS.
AYE! GLENLIVET, GLENMORANGIE, GLENFIDDICH...

Exclusive LONG JOURNEY ENDS IN TRIUMPH

by Our Man In Uganda **Quentin Lech**

YES! She's made it! It's taken three years but at last Ffyona Campbell has reached the Front Page.

Her epic journey began in 1991 on Page 27 when a small piece entitled "Girl sets off on walk" appeared in some late editions.

By 1992 she had reached Page 17 and from there it has been a steady march past Fashion, Foreign News, the Political Sketches, through the Peterborough column, on past Home News until at last, yesterday, she came to the final destination: the Front Page.

It was an emotional moment as a colour photograph showing her cavorting about in a wet T-shirt in the sea in Morocco finally appeared.

Ffinal Legover

Said blonde Miss Ffew-whatascorcha: "At times I thought I'd never make it. The Bosnian war, and peace in the Middle East, threatened to stop me getting there. But I was lucky, in that it's the silly season and no one can resist putting a blonde bird on page one, particularly not the *Telegraph*."

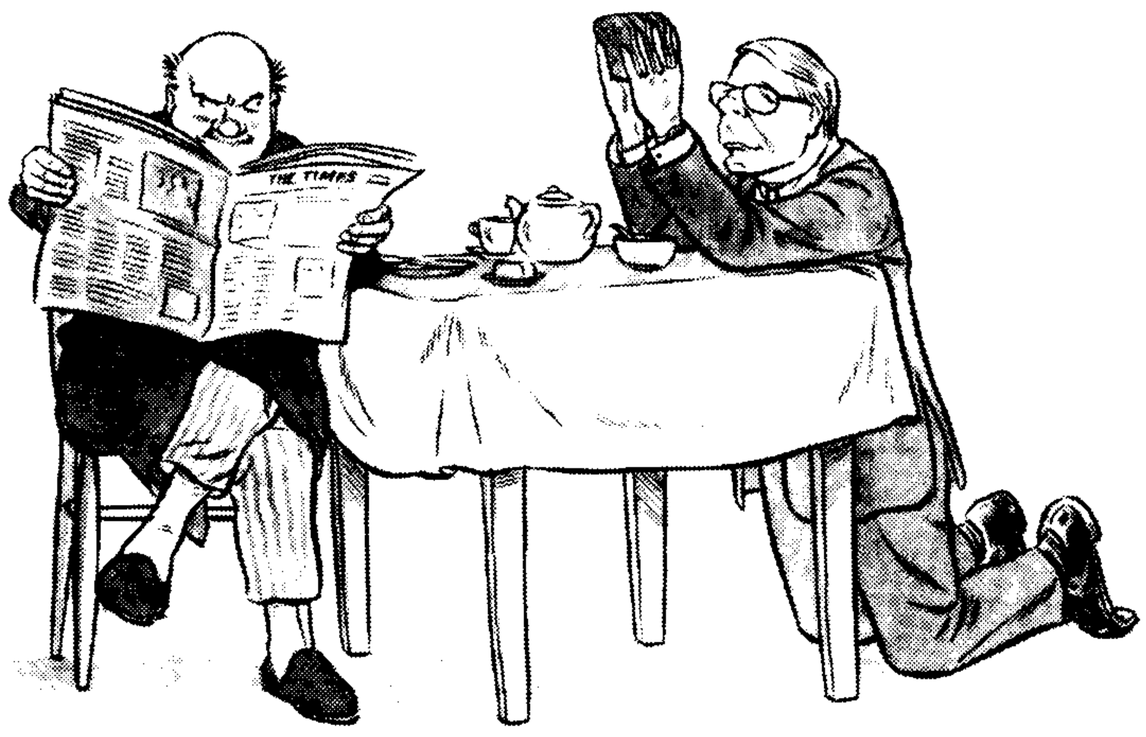
"All I want to do now," she said, "is to take it easy and plan my next

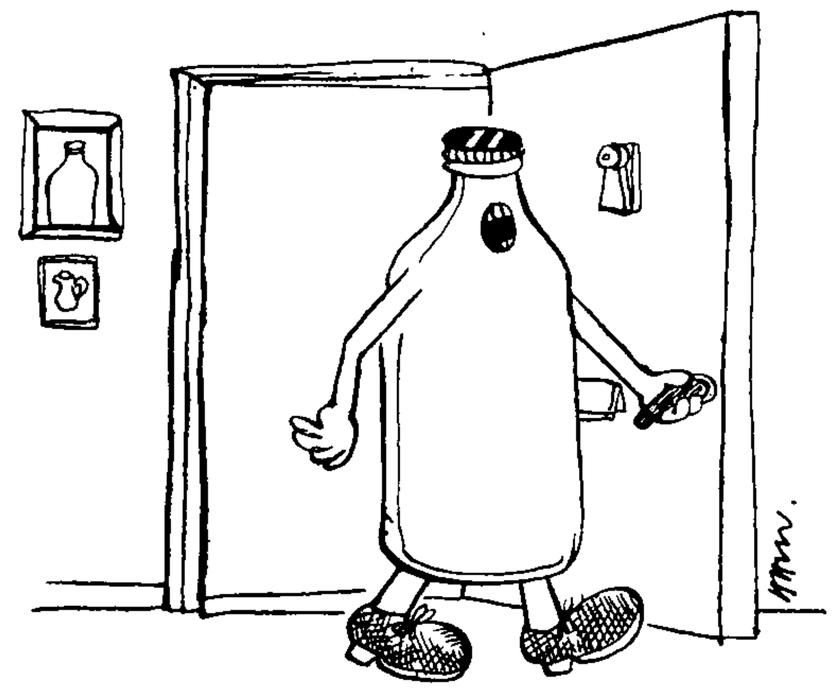
journey onto the cover of *Hello!*."
Miss Ffwhoor!! is 36-24-36.

©The Daily Hellograph, The Titandbums of London, The Underpantent, The Daily Males and all other tabloids.

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (11)

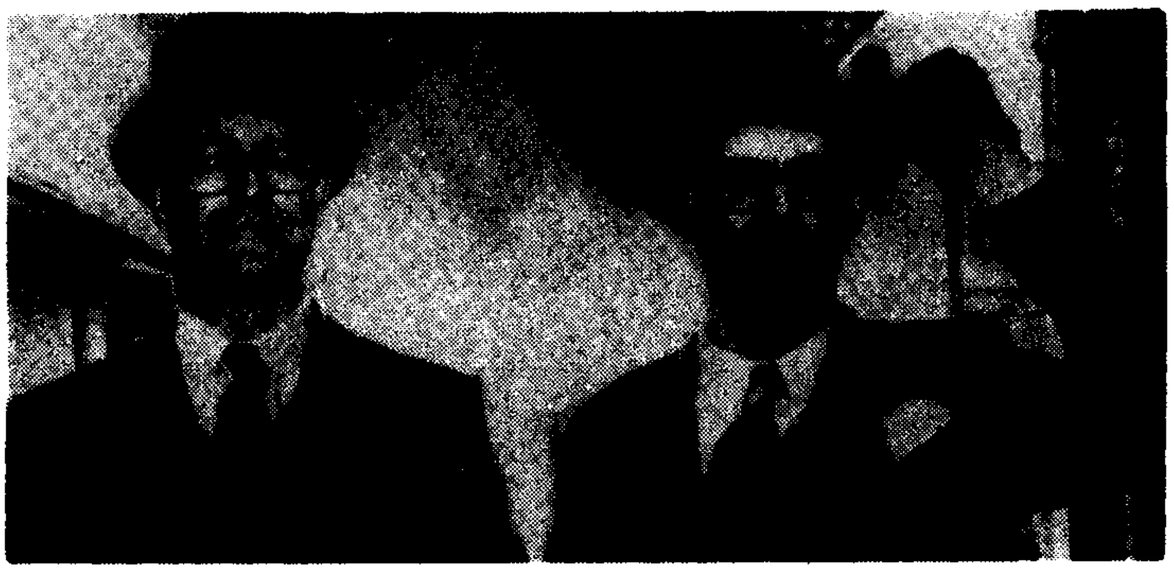
A TOAST RACK





"Hi, honey, I'm homogenised"

TV HIGHLIGHTS



HURD AND MAJOR

by P. G. Wodehouse

(Bertie Major is discovered sitting at the piano, gazing at a picture of Aunt Magatha and singing "Anything you can do, I can't do". Hurd shimmers in carrying freshly ironed copy of Daily Telegraph on silver tray)

Major: I say, Hurd, that *Telegraph* looks dashed small.

Hurd: Indeed, sir. I have taken the liberty of excising all the articles unfavourable to yourself.

Major: Jolly thoughtful of you, old bean. *(Picks up remaining shreds of paper and begins to read)* I say, it says here that we're going to send an army of 8,000 chaps to this Bosnia place.

Hurd: Such would indeed appear to be the case.

Major: Jolly good show to us, that's what I say. *(Stands up and begins to practise golf shots with umbrella)* But hang on, Hurd. I didn't think we had 8,000 bally old warriors left. I thought we told Oofy Rifkind to pack them all off to civvy street because we were running a bit short of the readies.

Hurd: That is also the case, sir. Mr Rifkind is, I understand, in the process of carrying out your instructions with commendable Scottish zeal.

Major: Then I don't get it, Hurd. How do we square the old circle? I mean, how do we send 8,000 squarebashers off to jolly old Sara-what'shisname if we haven't got them?

Hurd: I took the precaution, sir, of adding a proviso to the promise to send in the aforementioned troops — namely that we should only send them when that unhappy country has been restored to a state of complete peace.

Major: Well, I say, Hurd, that doesn't sound very likely. At that rate they'll never be sent.

Hurd: Indeed, sir. As the Roman poet Terence so pithily observed, *rem acutus tetigisti.*

Major: I say, Hurd, you're a bally genius. Have you been tucking into the fish again? *(Begins to strum golf club and croon "Pack up your troubles in your old shitbag" from the musical Gummertime)*

Hurd: I always endeavour to give service, sir.

© Fry & Laurie Productions, from an idea by P.G. Wodehouse.

A Doctor writes

Feeling perfectly well

AS a doctor I am often told by patients: "Doctor, I feel perfectly well."

Such feelings are often deceptive. What happens normally is that I send them off for a long course of chemotherapy. This may be followed in serious cases of "feeling well" (or *Pinkus pinkus normalis*, to give it its full medical name) by amputation of one or other legs.

If you are feeling well whatever you do, do not consult your doctor — particularly if you live in Birmingham.

©A. (Retired) Doctor

School News

St Cakes

Goodman Term begins today. There are 285 boys in the school, 216 girls and 18 social workers. J.R.D. Quarter-Pounder (McDonald's) is Head of Nuggets. R.L.T. Burger-King (Garfunkel's) is Senior Mousemat. Miss Sunyatta Pizza-Hut (Wimpy's) is Day Vestal. The Headmaster Mr R.J.S. Spudulike, following a recent operation, wishes to be known in future as Ms Rowenta Spudulike. His wife Mrs Ethel Spudulike is standing by him, and will continue to teach Islamic Fundamentalist Studies to the Lower School. J.P. Drittsekk (Gummer's) will be Captain of the Runs, and Stools will be held on Frost's Bottom on 3 October. The School pop-group Cakes-R-Us will give a concert in the Old Oast on 4 November. The school play, *Jurassic Park*, will be performed in the Sega Room on 6 December. Tickets from the Bursar, Col. S.S. Demjanjuk, "Dunkillin". Takeaways will be on 23 December. The traditional carol service has been replaced by a celebration of Diwali, to be taken jointly by the Chaplain, Rev. Kevin Outreach, and Sri Lingam Bagwash O.C. (formerly Terence Nodes, Pilger's 1947-51).

"I don't think much of the new uniform, though"

Great Bores Of Today.

"...we've been saving them for years we must have been one of the first I get them on Mastercard and my wife gets them on Visa I used to travel to Seattle every week on business and you just keep picking them up some of the petrol stations do them now which is great for instance last weekend we both went to Copenhagen absolutely free on Air Miles mind you there are restricted times and you obviously can't use certain airlines but they do mail you regularly with details we reckon though its best to save them up for a big trip next year all the family are going to Zimbabwe on safari normally it would cost a fortune you wouldn't dream of doing it but it's all free apart from the hotel but even then if you pay by your card and they subscribe then you get *more* miles so you see it's self-perpetuating..."

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94: A Service In Celebration Of A Parish Priest Who Wishes To Declare That He No Longer Believes In God.

The Bishop: Who is it that cometh forward as a clerk in holy orders to declare his unbelief?

Vicar: I do.

Bishop: That makes two of us.

All kneel for responses.

Bishop: O Lord, open thou our lips.

All: So that we can honestly and courageously declare that you don't exist.

Bishop: Let us pray.

All: Why?

Bishop: Alright, we'll leave that bit out.

All shall sit to hear the Vicar [Rev N. or M.] reciting the Non-Credo.

Vicar: I do not believe in God the Father, Almighty, nor in any of the rest of the rubbish. But I do believe in continuing to draw my salary, being written about in the *Daily Telegraph* and living in the Vicarage for ever and ever. Amen.

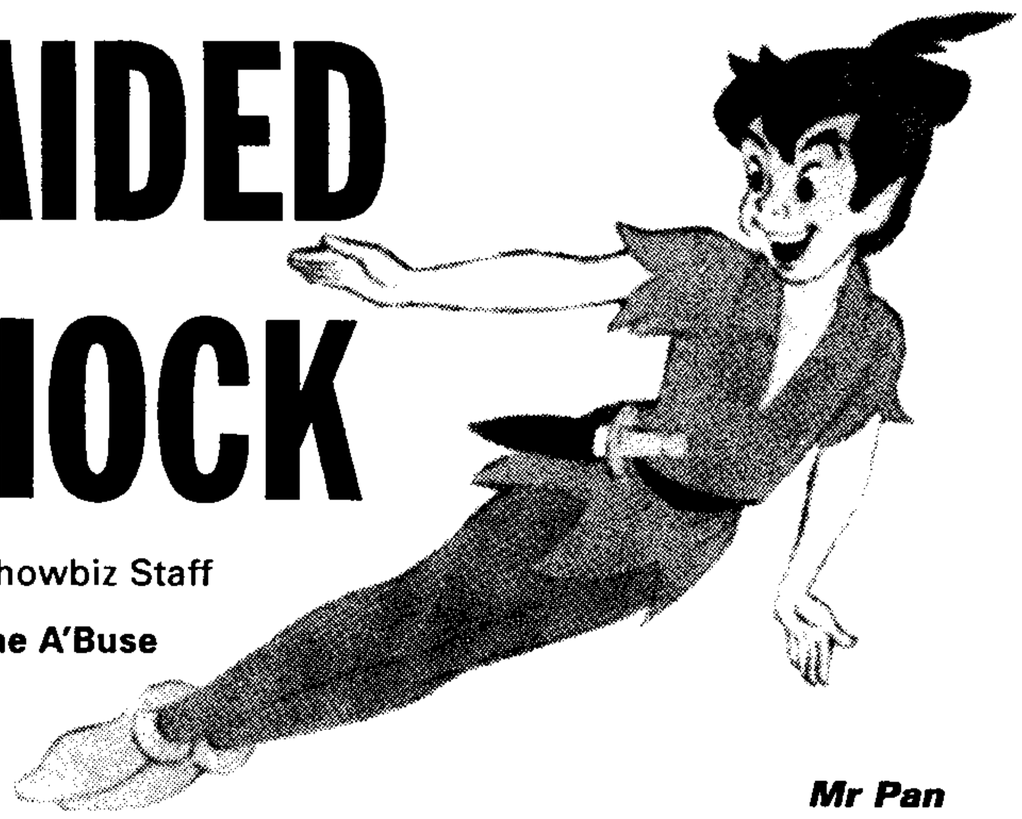
There shall then be sung some suitable hymn such as "Firmly I Don't Believe And Truly" from the New Age Traveller Hymn Book. During the hymn there will be a collection to enable the congregation to make up for the recent losses sustained by the Church Commissioners by contributing £800 million.

Bishop: Go in peace.

All: Thanks be to ourselves.

© Carey & Sharey Publications, in the Year Not Of Our Lord 1993.

NEVERLAND RAIDED SHOCK



by Our Showbiz Staff

Lunchtime A'Buse

Mr Pan

THE WORLD of entertainment was rocked to its foundations yesterday as police raided the hideaway home of one of the world's most famous children's entertainers.

Allegations have recently emerged about Peter Pan and his alleged relationship with various "lost boys" whom Mr Pan is said to have befriended and entertained at his fantasy retreat (located near the second star on the left).

Taking the Michael

Police Commissioner Captain Hook said: "This time I've got Pan. He's finished." His assistant Police Sergeant Smee said: "One of the lost boys' mothers has given us detailed evidence of how Pan slept with her son near Hangman's Tree on a number of occasions and even called him Darling."

Mrs Darling is attempting to bring serious charges against Mr Pan but the entertainer's associates insist that the stories are all make-believe and that the whole affair is part of a blackmail attempt.

Showbiz friends are also sticking by him, and Elizabeth Tinkerbell has flown in especially in order to comfort the beleaguered star in his hour of need.

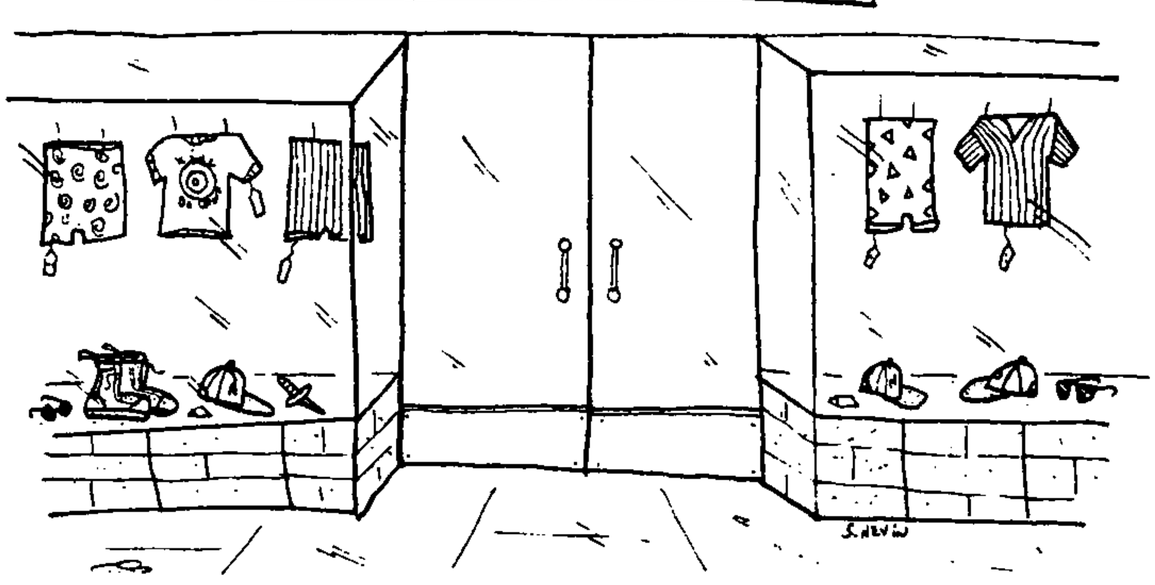
Peter "Wacko" Pan has long been a mystery to commentators – the little boy who never grew up, living out a childish dream entirely removed from reality. Says one leading psychologist: "Peter is a very disturbed boy. He has become detached from his own shadow. It does not surprise me that he seeks the company of children like John Darling, Michael Darling and Macaulay Caulkin." (*Surely 'Wendy Darling'? — Ed.*)

Loonwalk

Peter Pan last night cancelled an appearance in the sky. "He's sick," said a close associate. "He's really sick," added Captain Hook with an evil cackle as he sealed off Neverland for good and dredged the Mermaid Lagoon for further evidence.

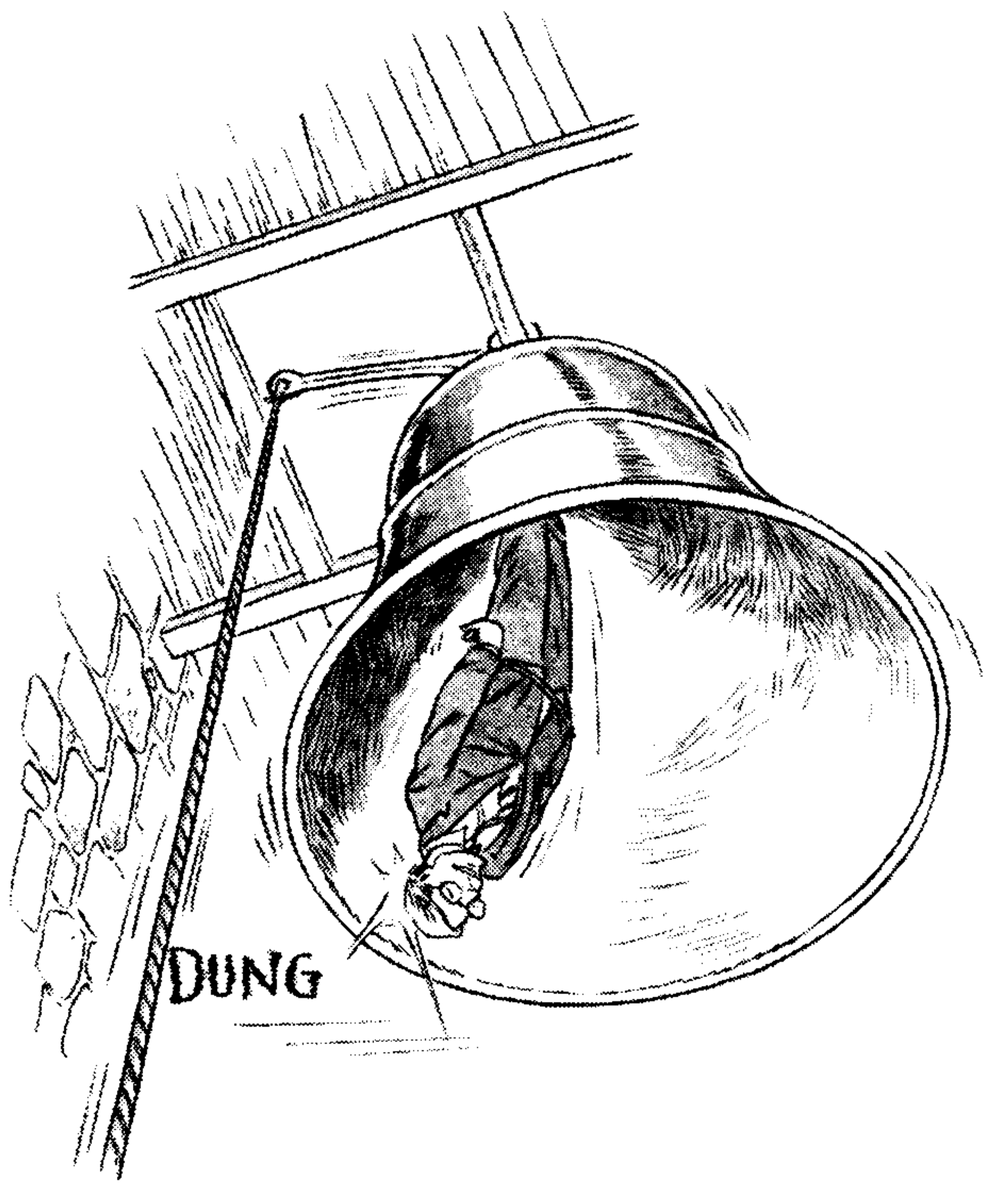
Pan himself has refused to answer the allegations directly, saying only that: "All I ever wanted to do was abuse children." (*Shurely 'amuse'? — Ed.*)

Peter Pan is still 11.



101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (12)

A CLAPPER IN A BELL



THOSE JACKSONS IN FULL

Welsh superhurdler at centre of row over allegations that he interfered with Britain's traditional failure to win anything at all at any sport.

Jesse Jackson, 65. Black and not in White House superhasbeen at centre of row over allegations that he interfered in American politics, with the result that they're landed with Clinton.

Glenda Jackson, 68. Female white former screen superstar at centre of row over allegations that she disappeared after joining House of Commons as Labour MP. Last seen outside McDonald's new Hampstead branch waving placard saying "Remember Me".

Jacksons of Piccadilly, 278. Green and gold superstore at centre of row between American tourists arguing whether they are in Fortnum's or not.

Jackson Pollock. Black, white, red, blue, yellow, green, purple super-abstract-expressionist at centre of row over allegations that his work is typical '50s junk. *(See Milt Jackson of MJQ under same heading.)*

Michael Jackson, 35. Black and white superstar at centre of row over allegations that he interfered with boys at his California love-ranch.

Michael Jackson, 35. Black and white supercontroller of BBC-2, at centre of row over allegations that he interfered with summer schedules at his White City office, by filling them with old rubbish from the 'sixties.

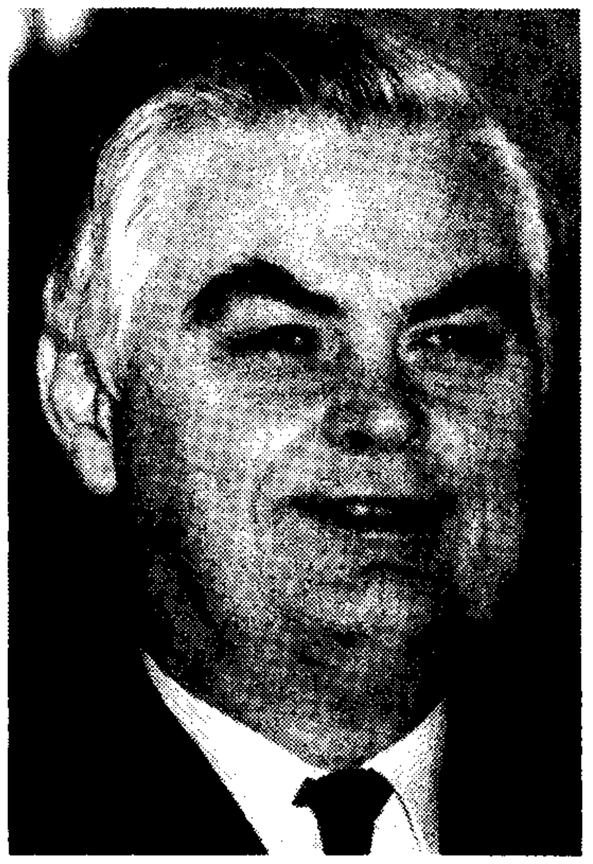
Colin Jackson, 35. Black and

ROTHSCHILD WORLD

The In-House Magazine of N.M. Rothschild & Son

WELCOME BACK!

Norman Lamont, 53, has rejoined us after a long absence. He tells *Rothschild World*: "I am delighted to be back as a non-executive director. It will certainly make a change from my last job!"



Norman Conquest!!

For the past 12 years Norman has been on secondment to the Conservative Party, our associated company based in Westminster. During that time, he says: "I have made a number of very useful contacts, particularly in the European dimension. I am really looking forward to my new non-executive cheque."

Norman has already become a familiar figure back in his old haunts on the 6th floor, with his clinking plastic bags, his Raffles cigarettes and his total inability to manage money (*shurely 'bushy eyebrows'? Ed*).

On Other Pages

Sycophantic Profile of Chairman 7
Dull Piece about Our New Singapore Office 11
Unfunny Cartoon by Jak-ob 16

Advertisement

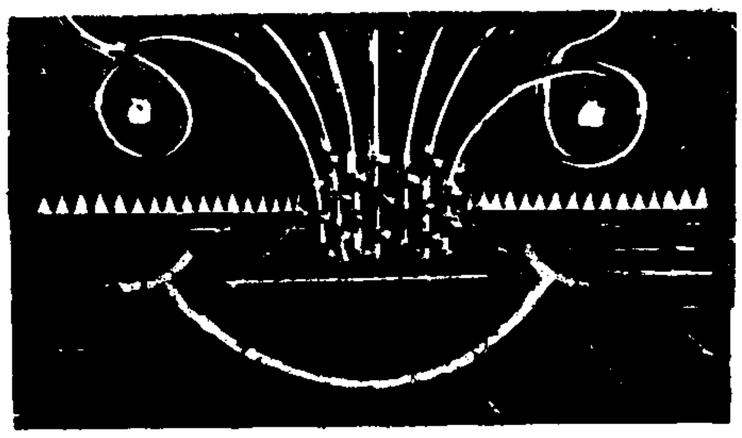
Watch CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP what you want when you want CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP CRAP on more than twenty satellite channels.

From today, you'll never have to settle for your second choice again. No more compromises. No more disappointments. No more "That'll have to do". Because from today, Sky is changing TV forever. Giving you exactly what you want to watch when you want to watch it. More than 20 satellite channels of top quality entertainment at the touch of a button.

FIRST CHOICE TELEVISION

SKY

DIARY



LORD GOODMAN

Mr Reginald Kray has not always, it may be acknowledged, been the happy beneficiary of universal praise, though his charitable works are numerous, his conversation felicitous, and his determination marvellous. Nevertheless, I regard him as a most remarkable human being, a man of absolute integrity with a frank and open manner and, I might add, a great and enduring affection for his dear mother. The offensive nature of many of the remarks directed against Reginald and his brothers Ronald and Charles can, I suspect, be attributed to that most enduring of all human vices, from which few of us, with the possible, indeed probable, exception of myself, are exempt, namely envy.

I first encountered Reginald at a small reception at Downing Street for, as I remember, Charles Richardson, a gentleman of exceptional abilities and sterling character who was one of Harold Wilson's most trusted advisors at the time. I have no particular affection for the transgressions for which both these gentlemen were later detained by Her Majesty, but it seems to me purblind to fail to acknowledge that the East End of London in the early 1960s exhibited a cheeriness and camaraderie that most would judge absent today, when many of our coloured friends lord it up behind the shop-counters, and even desks, previously reserved for the more legitimate Cockney inhabitants.

As I recall, I was at the time both Deputy Chairman of the British Council and Honorary Secretary of the Knighthoods for the Maladjusted Association, a charitable institution among the most successful of its day.

Reginald Kray was, if memory serves, selflessly offering Harold the benefit of his advice on the Arts in London. Not only had he come up with an imaginative and long overdue scheme to double-glaze Westminster Abbey, but he was also decent enough to suggest that a firm that happened to be under his own directorship might, for a small consideration, agree to render the work at a fraction of the market price, the aforesaid consideration being no more than a couple of seats in the House of Lords. Pursuant to that generous offer, I suggested we adjourn for dinner, giving Harold ample time to call up the documentation and put such words as necessary in the right auricular orifices. Over a far from disagreeable dinner, Reginald and Ronald were good — or reckless! — enough to offer me Chairmanship of the Arts Council, a proposition I accepted with an eagerness not untinged by trepidation. History now relates that, under my Chairmanship, the world of the Arts was rewarded with a magnificent season of Arnold Wesker at the Theatre-in-the-Round at Sclywd, an achievement for which I must regrettably confess the sin, perhaps forgiveable in the circumstances, of personal pride.

I am a man to whom a sense of humour is by no means a stranger: this may well be a defect of character, but one which I find myself unwilling to surrender for the greater good.

For the past half century, I have dined out on the following humorous riddle, which may prove of some use to readers of this at time disreputable journal in the forging of warm and fortunate friendships.

Question: Why did the feathered biped, generally to be found in a farm, or, on occasions, a backyard, deem it necessary, for no reason immediately apparent to a disinterested observer or observers, to transport himself — or herself — in a forward manner straight across the passageway affording vehicular access in both directions to an accredited person or persons?

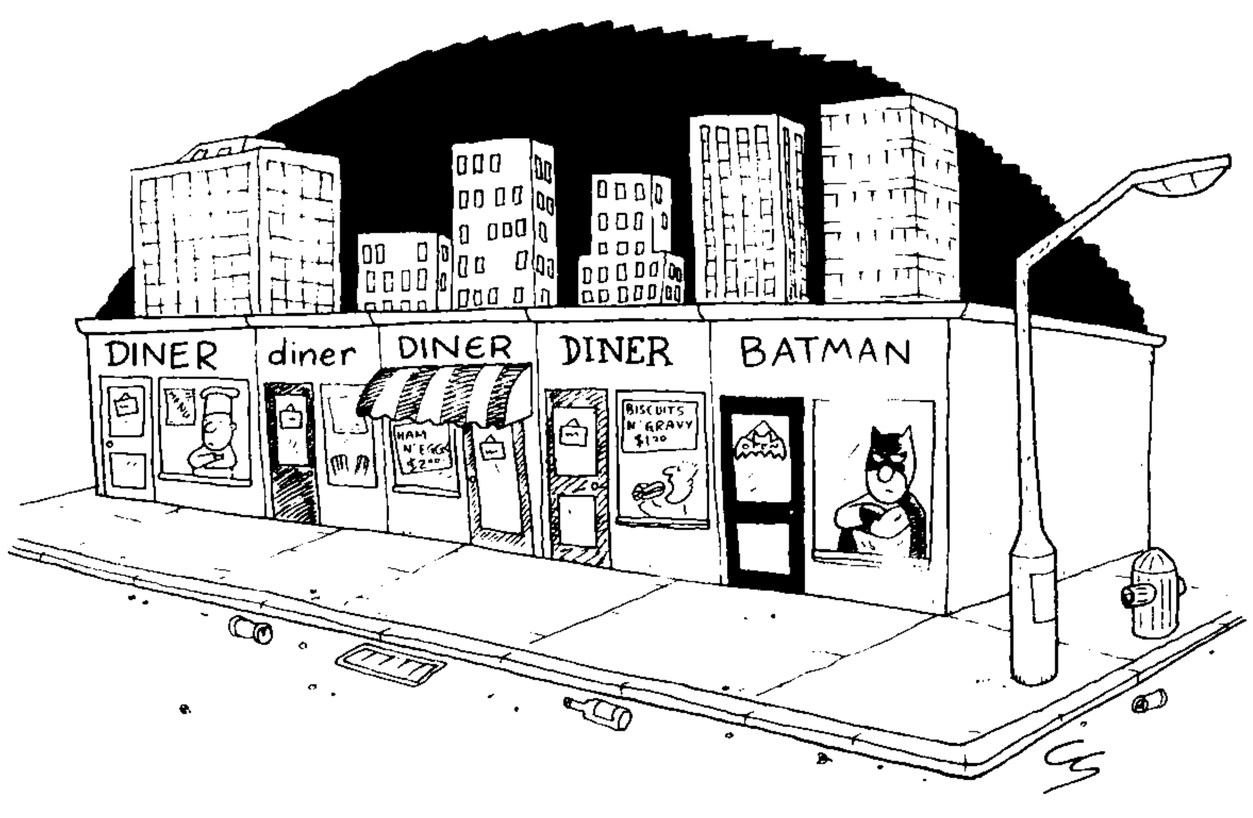
(At this juncture, I let the laughter die down. "When you're quite ready, Lilibet," I mutter, humorously. By this means, I build up the comic tension before delivering the following hilarious "punch-line".)

Answer: In order to ensure his — or her — safe arrival at or near to a point at which the oncoming vehicles, being mindful of any legal restrictions placed upon them, desist from encroaching, making it thus suitable and safe for the aforesaid pedestrian element!!!!

Needless to say, when the tears of laughter are wiped away, the dinner party is thus vouchsafed a cordial atmosphere of warm friendship, in which deals and negotiations can be conducted, agreed upon and paid for prior to the arrival of the sweet trolley: a happy end to a most productive and kindly evening.

I do not regard myself as a close friend of Her Majesty. Despite her repeated imprecations, I am a busy man for whom a pleasant if never overlavish luncheon at Buckingham Palace in the presence of, say, Mr Henry Kissinger, a dear friend, Mr Francois Mitterrand, a good friend, and Lady Thatcher, for whom I hold a mutual regard, represents an unwelcome invasion of frivolity into a hectic timetable. Nevertheless I maintain considerable respect for Her, and am only too happy furnish Her with the requisite glass of sherry, biscuit or sweetmeat — plus highly confidential chat — whenever she comes knocking at my door.

Over the years, the Queen has sought my advice on many matters of a distressing nature, none of which I am prepared to divulge here. I always find her warmly appreciative. Recently She has, between ourselves, most considerately expressed Her personal thanks for my role in the removal of the Berlin Wall, and earlier this year she warmly congratulated me on Robert Stephens' magnificent portrayal of King Lear at Stratford. She was also grateful, I am reliably informed, for my part in seeing that Mr Neil Armstrong arrived safely on the surface of the moon, and She likewise admired the way I brought about — through a mixture of good sense and patience — a united Europe. Of my major backstage role in more recent events — the engagement of Viscount Linley to Miss Serena Stanhope, the completion of the Channel Tunnel, the upturn in the fortunes of the England Cricket XI, a swift conclusion to the conflict in the Gulf, the reduction in our trade deficit. She is silently supportive, as indeed She would be well advised to be, if She values Her reputation.



LUVVIES

"It was an evening of absolute joy. Complete ecstasy. Some of those critics need their backsides smacked.

"There's blood, sweat and tears, and some condescending bastard is ready to condemn it all."

LORD ATTENBOROUGH
(at opening of
Much Ado About Nothing)

Submitted by Paul Fremantle.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Literary Review

Another Iris stew

The Green Knight
Iris Murdoch
(Chatto & Windus, £15.99)

"IRIS IS the queen of Chatto. She isn't actually edited," admitted her publisher, Carmen Callil, a few years ago.

When an attempt was once made to trim one of her novels of its redundancies and absurdities, Murdoch insisted that every word be put back before it was published. Quite right too. If you once began to cut the nonsense out of an Iris Murdoch novel, you'd never be able to stop, until there was nothing left at all, not a page, not a word. For her novels are nonsense through and through; the purest bilge; finest essence of tripe. They are so inimitably dreadful that they almost come out the other side into being good again. But not quite.

The Green Knight, her 25th, does, however, mark a new peak of self-parody. It's half a dozen Murdoch novels all casseroled into one great gungy mess. A satanic don called Lucas tries to kill his step-brother, an unsuccessful actor called Clement, in a park one night. But a millionaire Jewish Buddhist butcher called Peter Mir (which means both "world" and "peace" in Russian) intervenes and is instead killed himself. Or is he? After Lucas has been acquitted of his murder, on the basis of self-defence, Peter Mir comes back from the dead seeking justice. All sorts of spooky things happen, he symbolically stabs Lucas a little bit, and then he disappears back to being dead again.

This sublimely silly story is a modern retelling of the medieval poem "Gawain and the Green Knight" (the Green Knight challenges Gawain to cut off his head with an axe, picks it up and walks off with it under his arm, and then returns a year later to have his own swing at Gawain, but merely nicks him, because he's such a good sort). Murdoch has made no attempt whatsoever to make this story plausible in contemporary terms. No explanation is given of how Peter Mir returns from the dead nor how he dies again at the end. Nobody's behaviour makes any sense at all, from start to finish — surely a bit of a drawback in a novel?

And that's only the start of the twerpishness. There's a boy called Harvey with a bad foot who is therefore the wounded Fisher King, or maybe Philoctetes. There are three weird sisters, including a poltergeist girl called Moy who has a great battle with a swan in the Thames, talks to stones, and later plunges into the sea in Cornwall to swim with the silkies. There's a "distinguished" dog called Anax with marvellous blue eyes who plays a crucial role in the plot and at one point delivers a 10-page monologue. Angels keep appearing, people keep fainting. A hamster named Colin plays a small but significant role.

And at the end of the book most of the characters, having been secretly in love with others all along, suddenly pair off. In Murdoch's world that means that teenagers start talking like this: "Oh Sefton, we're here, we've arrived, this is it — trip no further, pretty sweeting — I'm so happy, I'm crazy with happiness, the world is brilliant, it's shining... We are transformed, we are blazing with light, I tremble before you." "I tremble too," his doxy doughtily ripostes, instead of running off at top speed.

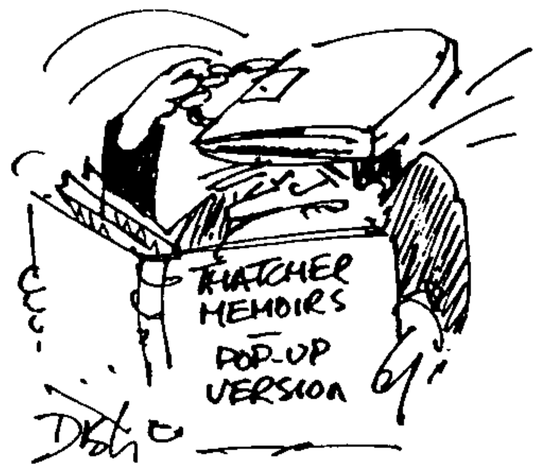
Murdoch doesn't try to make her characters convincing for the reader. To her, they're real and that's enough. The effect is of overhearing her contentedly chattering away to herself, rather than being addressed. The style, as ever, is an adjectival morass, not only in the narrative — people are always feeling "an anguished passionate need", or "some sort of silent raging grief" — but in the dialogue too. The characters, being all her, all speak the same way. It's nothing for them to say "I feel so senseless and contingent and unmade" twice before breakfast. In fact, it's *de rigueur*.

It is Murdoch's astonishing self-absorption that gives her those uniquely duff sentences that are her trademark. Years ago even Malcolm Bradbury was able to parody her in a phrase: "Flavia says that Hugo tells her that Augustina is in love with Fred".

Undeterred, Mudrock is still producing these comical formulas over and over again. "When Bellamy later went up to find Emil, Louise suggested to Harvey that he might like to sit in Sefton's room, but he declined." "Clement, abandoning Bellamy, who was following Peter around, set out to look for Joan whom he had seen in the distance talking to Cora Brock." "Harvey, looking up at Moy, thought suddenly, Anax loves Bellamy, Moy loves Clement, I love Aleph."

Since they're all ciphers, the reader can't give a toss which one's which, let alone who does what to whom or why, and which one's the dog. But to Dame Idris, they're obviously more substantial than the world itself.

In fact, there's no contest. There is no outside world in her writing.



Murdoch is a donnish Daisy Ashford, Ashford grown up and gone a bit barmy, and she dwells in never-never land.

But just like Daisy Ashford, a funny little note of realism breaks in whenever she comes to comestibles. Murdoch likes her tuck. "Sausages and cheese biscuits", "lentil stew with curried cabbage", "stilton and spinach pie", and, above all, sandwiches, are described with enthusiasm. Indeed, at the climax of the novel, when all is in turmoil, it is quite brilliantly said: "In the kitchen the sandwiches had established some kind of momentary reality and rational calm". It's a pity these sandwiches didn't write the book.

Books & Bookmen

☐ THE humiliation of old Hodder hands by Headline continues. More than 70 of the 250 staff at the time of the merger, that is takeover, a few months back have now been made redundant, with more to follow.

Ex-chief executive Peter Wright, headhunted from Penguin to staunch the bloodletting of the near fatally wounded Hodder just over two years ago, has now decided, having devised the takeover, to walk the plank. Michael Attenborough himself is likely to be next to go — all, of course, for the good of Hodder & Stoughton.

The consolation, naturally, is that the top suits will leave the once proud publishing house with their wallets well lined. Before the takeover, Hodder's unquoted shares were worth about £11 each; they now change hands at more than ten times that. It's the old publishing adage: run a publishing house into the ground, sell out with crocodile tears — and you end up rich however many people lose their jobs.

■ THE BATTLE of the Arthur Scargill biographies is causing an embarrassing conflict of loyalties at the *Guardian*.

Its own hack, Seumas Milne, has just penned a passionately pro-Scargill tome; but the *Observer*, now owned by the *Grauniad*, is busily serialising an anti-Scargill book by its own Paul Routledge.

Given the animosity between Routledge and Milne, it is surprising to find on page 231 of Routledge's book a quote from Scargill's solicitor, Mark Stevens. No source is given for the quote; in fact it comes from an article in the *Grauniad* last August, written by... Seumas Milne.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
THERE AREN'T MANY EDITORIAL JOBS IN PUBLISHING, SO YOU MIGHT LIKE TO CONSIDER A MORE HUMBLE POSITION
CV
CV
THAT'S MUCH BETTER — BUT THERE ARE STILL NO VACANCIES

footnotes

MILLER'S TALE

Sir Hal Miller

THE SCOTT inquiry into arms sales to Iraq resumes next week. While waiting for dramatic confrontations with Tory ministers (watch out especially for fireworks during the examination of William Waldegrave regarding the places he visited, as a minister, in Iraq in 1989), three important questions are likely to be asked, if not answered.

●*Did MI6 and the security services know long before the supergun was seized by customs officers in April 1990 that arms were being exported from Britain to Iraq?*

Sir Hal Miller, former Tory MP for Bromsgrove, said yes. He told the inquiry that long before April 1990 he had passed on the news about the manufacture of a supergun by Walter Somers Ltd. of Halesowen, to MI6, who had told him: "This confirms everything we know."

David James, who became chairman of the firm which owned Walter Somers, said no. He told Lord Justice Scott that he had phoned MI6 about the supergun only a few days before it was seized and that "there were hoots of joy at the other end of the line" at this "new information".

The problem with Mr James's evidence is that so many people have already said in public that they told the intelligence services about supergun long before March 1990: Gerald James, Christopher Gumbley and Stefan Kock of Astra Holdings plc; Paul Henderson of Matrix Churchill; Paul Grecian of Ordtech; Mark Gutteridge, MI5's man at Matrix Churchill to name but six.

●*Were there any other cases in which the crown threatened not to disclose relevant government documents by using the notorious public interest immunity certificates?*

In search of an answer here, Lord Justice Scott has been interviewing (in private, as befits such a very important person) Andrew Collins QC. What worries Scott is the Ordtech trial of 1992, in which four businessmen were prosecuted by Collins for illegal arms sales to Iraq via Jordan.

Collins revealed that before the case started he had taken the precaution of getting public immunity certificates signed by two ministers: Kenneth Baker and Peter Lilley. The transcript of the interview between Collins and Scott has been leaked to the *Guardian*, which published it as the lead story on 4 September.

The transcript shows that the judge was not at all impressed with the barrister's threatened use of these certificates. But who gave Collins his orders? In the Matrix Churchill case, the public immunity certificates were signed on the advice of the attorney-general. At the time of the Ordtech case this was Sir Patrick Mayhew, now secretary of state for Northern Ireland. Sir Patrick has already given evidence to the inquiry, during which he was not asked a single question about the Ordtech trial.

Could this be a further indication that Scott is after monkeys (like Andrew Collins and assorted civil servants), rather than organ-grinders?

●*Was the Midland Bank involved in financing the supergun project?*

The bank submitted written evidence to the House of Commons select committee on supergun, published on 12 February 1992. It stated that the bank had studied a representative sample of all their letters of credit. This sample did not, said the bank, leave any "reason to suppose that we have advised or confirmed any letter of credit relating to any component of a supergun".

The *Eye* understands that the Scott inquiry has been told of a letter of credit which shows that a Swiss subsidary of the bank's defence finance department was involved in a deal relating to parts of the supergun ordered from the Swiss engineering company Von Roll.

Anita's Cree de coeur

"WE HAVE never spent a cent on advertising," boasted Body Shop proprietress Anita Roddick in her autobiography. "I would be too embarrassed to do it," she explains. "Consumers... are becoming cynical about the whole process... They have heard too many lies."

Just a moment. Who is this plugging American Express cards in a gigantic promotion across the United States? Why, the same Anita Roddick. In the ad, Roddick boasts of "trading honourably with indigenous communities in disadvantaged areas".

"The travel I do is often dangerous," she drools. "I am in bizarre places, remote places. What I use for that is the American Express Card... American Express knows a lot of stores that are good for your body. And Anita knows one that is good for your soul."

One man who is not entirely happy about these advertisements is Bill Namagoose, executive director of the grand council of the Cree Indians in Quebec, Canada. Mr Namagoose notes

Anita Roddick and friend

that American Express is heavily involved in James Bay II, a hydro-electric scheme which will flood vast areas of Cree Indian land. He protests: "American Express is involved in arranging finance for the destruction of our lands. That American corporate interests are using indigenous peoples' plight for their advertising is inexcusable. That the Body Shop's ingredients are 'environmentally friendly' adds insult to injury."

Bill Namagoose is a man after Anita Roddick's heart. She believes above all else in corporate responsibility towards what she calls "primitive cultures". As she says in her book: "Aware of the knock-on effect of what we are doing to others, to the environment, to the Third World and to the planet itself, they (consumers) will demand more information, want to know the story behind what they buy... If (Body Shop) customers realise the connection between certain products and major issues like the destruction of the rainforest, global pollution or the threat to primitive cultures, they will avoid these products."

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"True socialists ought to rejoice at this."

Sir Christopher ("Pigling") Bland, chairman of London Weekend Television, commenting on the exciting share option scheme which landed him a clear profit — for no extra effort — of about £9.15m.

Evening Standard Aug 31

From Russia with lolly

■ THE ADVANCE of Thatcherite values in the former Soviet Union is nowhere more obvious than in the magnificent King William Street city offices of the Moscow Narodny bank.

A general management circular to staff on 29 July explained why the "current lack of profitability" made it impossible to pay any wage or salary increases. The earliest any review could take place would be 1 January 1994.

A glance at recent accounts is enough to prove the point that times are bad at the bank. An "operating profit" of £12.2 million dwindled into insignificance beside a "book loss for the year of £316 million".

Staff who were inclined to accept the point were a little puzzled by the news of "directors' emoluments". In the year of the biggest loss ever made by the bank, the directors increased their pay from £629,835 to £896,876. Mr Alexander Petrovich Semikoz, the chairman, saw his pay rise to £187,772, which compares rather oddly with £136,815 for two chairmen last year.

WHO PAYS THE BILL?

YET ANOTHER police compensation case has been settled at big public expense — while Britain's Most Expensive Copper enjoys his retirement on a comfortable pension.

Scotland Yard has confirmed to the *Eye* that the brothers William and Derek Steel have each been paid £55,000 plus costs out of police funds in connection with their imprisonment in 1981 for conspiracy to rob.

The brothers served three years and always claimed that the robbery was a fantasy concocted by Detective Sergeant Kenneth Day, who coolly told the court that the brothers had confessed to him in an interview which, the brothers insist, never took place.

DS Day's imaginativeness in inventing crimes was widely admired, especially on his beat in the Holloway area of north London. In 1984, for example, David Ewens was sent to prison after he had been given a fake pistol by a friend of the detective sergant. Mr Ewens too was accused of conspiring to commit a robbery that never happened. Ewens got off on appeal after Day gave evidence before Lord Lane, the lord chief justice. In an immortal phrase, Lane said of the detective sergeant: "Not a word which falls from his lips is capable of belief."

Also in 1984, Granada's *World in Action* secretly filmed Day setting up an armed robbery with another of his victims. Day was tried twice for perverting the course of justice. The jury was dismissed in one case and failed to agree on another. Day walked free.

In 1985, he was involved in the remarkable case of Rebecca Callaghan. Mrs Callaghan, then 51, was persuaded by one of Day's accomplices to go to India and collect a consignment of heroin. Back she came to Harwich only to be arrested by DS Day. In the car with the police officers she was made to undress and produced a package full of heroin from a sanitary towel and a plastic belt with several packages of heroin attached. At Romford police station she was charged with importing 515 grammes of heroin in the sanitary towel. What happened to the plastic belt?

The case went to Snaresbrook crown court on 6 March 1985. Rebecca Callaghan was found guilty and sent to prison for the remarkably short period of 20 months. Judge Lloyd was shocked by what he had heard: "You probably had £70,000 worth of heroin taken from you by police officers," he told her. "It is regrettable what we have heard today. It would appal any judge who heard it... A proper sentence for you would be at least four years, but this is not an ordinary case. I have taken into account that there are bigger fish than yourself caught in the net."

DS Day was never caught in any net. After his two court cases, disciplinary charges were started against him. They never came to anything. Day was allowed to retire on a substantial pension.

Meanwhile, the Metropolitan police faced civil actions from Ewens and the Steel brothers. Ewens got £14,000 compensation almost at once. But the police refused to pay out to the Steels until, in February this year, the court of appeal ordered the Commisioner to disclose to Steel's solicitors all the information they had about the David Ewens ans Rebecca Callahan cases.

Almost at once the police collapsed and stumped up the £110,000 plus costs.

There remains the role of the Police Federation and its industrious lawyers, Russell Jones and Walker. Several years after the *World in Action* programme, Day, backed by the federation, issued a writ for libel against *World in Action* producers and Granada TV. For the defence, Granada gave notice that it intended to use the words of the Lord Lane that not a word from DS Day was capable of belief. Russell Jones and Walker promptly went to a Master to demand that the quotation be struck out from the action since it embarrassed their client. The Master agreed. For perhaps the first time in legal history, a dictum of the lord chief justice was disallowed.

Russell Jones and Walker have been rather slow to follow up this triumph. The libel action was slowed to a halt, and Granada is seeking to have it struck out. Who will pay the typically enormous costs? Watch this space.

THE PRIZE: Rupert and Alan

Dishy business

IN HIS heavily-publicised speech to guzzling Tory and media toadies, Rupert Murdoch paid tribute to the work of all who contributed to the miracle of Sky TV. But somehow he forgot to mention the man most responsible, Alan Sugar, the chairman of Amstrad.

Murdoch has always been a strong supporter of the brilliant Amstrad entrepreneur. When Sugar became chairman of Tottenham Hostpur football club in 1991, Murdoch was one of the first to congratulate him. Sugar, Terry Venables and Sky boss Sam Chisholm celebrated over dinner at Harry's Bar.

The surge in demand for satellite dishes started with Sky's exclusive televising of live league football. Sky's bid was accepted by the chairmen of the then first division football clubs at a crucial meeting in May last year. A two-thirds majority of the chairmen was necessary to accept the bid, and the vote was always likely to be close. Some clubs were unhappy about aspects of the deal.

Alan Sugar, the new chairman of Tottenham, was in an embarrassing position. His company Amstrad supplied the satellite dishes for Sky. At the start of the meeting Sugar declared his interest and suggested he should play no part in the discussion or the vote. His colleagues would have none of it. They protested that Mr Sugar's judgement could not possibly be affected by such an illusory conflict of interest. The Tottenham chairman was therefore persuaded to participate, and Sky triumphed.

Others who rejoiced with Sugar at his new chairmanship of Tottenham were his PR adviser Nick Hewer, whose company, Michael Joyce Financial, had £42,000 from the club in 1991 and 1992; accountants Touche Ross who were brought into the club by Sugar and had £72,000 in the same period; solicitors Herbert Smith, brought in by Sugar, who have had £41,000, and Amsprop, another Amstrad company, which has had £96,000. Mr Sugar's £50,000 salary is paid Birt-style into a company called Amshold in Jersey. Sugar's friend, millionaire Harvey Gilbert, is on a £40,000 salary at Spurs.

None of these facts is likely to be published in any publication owned by Rupert Murdoch.

LILLEY-LIVERED BEAKS

■ A tremendous victory for Peter Lilley's campaign against social security scroungers has been won in Benfleet in the Tories' Essex heartland.

Mrs Gwen Tucker was caught red-handed actually working when she was claiming income support. She was found guilty of not declaring a job as a machinist which brought her in the huge weekly income of £67.

She told the magistrates her husband had left her with a mortgage and hundreds of pounds of his bills and three children to support.

Benfleet magistrates found a brilliant way of ensuring that the mother stayed with her children, and that the public purse was protected in a manner of which Mr Lilley would have approved.

They sent Mrs Tucker to prison (cost to the public, £170 a day) for six months.

SILENCE FROM SALTWOOD

■ THANKS for the letters and calls asking if there has been a reply from the Rt Hon Alan Clark about his sharedealing through Investor Morse (now banned from the Stock Exchange because of one of his deals on Clark's behalf). The answer is no. From Saltwood Castle, an unusual silence...

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City
See over ➔

In the City

THE ACQUITTAL last month of those life members of the Stock Exchange's list of usual suspects, Andrew Kent and Patrick Mahon, of late and unlamented stockbroking firm T.C. Coombs, was jumped on as yet one more stick with which to beat the already punch drunk Serious Farce Office.

Photographs of the jubilant pair decorated the financial pages along with text celebrating yet more innocent City suits victimised by over-zealous, under-talented prosecutors.

Charges of conspiracy to defraud and dishonesty were rightly thrown out by the judge after a 10-week trial on the grounds that the evidence presented by the prosecution was "unsatisfactory and dubious". Words that easily spring to mind when considering the activities of Coombs and its two leading lights.

The prosecution case was that Kent, Coombs's "corporate development manager" but really the power behind the firm, and chairman Mahon had deceived the broking regulator The Securities Association regarding Coombs's financial position. Judge Clark made the very good point that the case might have been better dealt with by the regulatory body rather than a criminal trial as there had been "no financial loss to any individual".

Former investors in companies promoted by Coombs clients and creditors of the now in liquidation Coombs might have agreed as right from the get-go of Big Bang the TSA had sought to prevent Coombs from being within reach of public funds.

To understand why, consider the illustrious roster of promoters and companies embraced by Coombs:

Malcolm Johnson: currently awaiting trial on SFO fraud charges; Terry Ramsden: currently awaiting trial on SFO fraud charges; Clive Smith: currently under SFO investigation; Alan Bond: bankrupt and focus of criminal charges in Australia;

'Unsatisfactory and dubious': Kent and Mahon

Larry Connell: subject of criminal charges in Australia; BOM Holdings: subject of a department of trade & industry investigation and critical report; Norton: subject of a DTI investigation and critical report; Jim Slater: say no more.

Kent and Coombs had a long history of run-ins with stock market regulators which culminated in the TSA trying to ban them in 1988. That decision was overturned on appeal. Three years later the company closed.

With such a history the justly acquitted Kent and Mahon's next step will no doubt be to return to a stock market where it is once again open season. Doubtless the TSA will welcome them back.

KEVIN MAXWELL'S lawyers are taking no chances about anyone possibly connecting him with a certain unsuccessful pension investor and failed deep sea swimmer named Robert Maxwell (no relation).

Following the transfer of the brothers Maxwell's trial to the Old Bailey in July, the attorney-general's office circulated a reminder to newspapers about the rules of contempt. A month later, leaving nothing to chance, Kevin Maxwell's solicitors Peters & Peters, those tireless defenders of persecuted innocent City suits, contacted newspapers asking for confirmation of receipt of the A-G's communication "the date of such receipt and that you have circulated the contents to the appropriate numbers of staff".

Clearly concerned to see that justice is done, Peters & Peters, who in this cause have already tried to prevent a musical about that other Maxwell, wish to be able to spring into action the moment any reference is made to pensioners, shareholders and creditors of the other Maxwell who clearly from this day forth until Kevin Maxwell is rightly acquitted should become a non-person.

Obviously it is in the interests of justice that disclosure or discussion about the other Maxwell should cease. Whether that is in the interest of truth and the pensioners and creditors is open to debate. But then who said justice was about truth?

IT WAS good to see an ebullient, fit and alert Roger Seelig taking care of business at London's hottest lunch spot Quaglino's recently. The smiling merchant banker deemed unfit to continue defending himself from Guinness fraud charges has, like his fellow co-defendant, ex-Guinness chairman Ernest Saunders (the only man to reverse irreversible Alzheimer's disease was recently spotted jauntily sporting a becoming suntan), clearly made a full recovery from the suicidal depression which made unavoidable ending a trial that was not going too well. Medical miracles are seemingly possible once the threat of prison is lifted from over-eager businessmen. Maybe the cure is for anyone suffering from depression or Alzheimer's to be immediately sent to see Dr George Staple at the SFO?

IGNORING that Hegelian historical imperative that those who do not learn from past mistakes are doomed to repeat them, the Stock Exchange has for the second time in a year decreed that Malcolm Stone, former righthand man to serial corporate rapist Jim Raper, is fit and proper to be the director of a listed company.

Last year Stone emerged as chairman of Embassy Property after it was taken over by Hong Kong investors. Not, however, for long. After his role as Raper's stooge and his involvement in two DTI investigations into companies run by the now fugitive were detailed in *Eye* 804 Stone was politely asked to leave Embassy, which he did in March.

Now he has reappeared as vice chairman of red hot, red chip renamed Fortune Oil, formerly Blackland Exploration now taken over by Hong Kong and Peking interests.

Stone has 11 million shares, four million options, received a £200,000 fee for the deal and will advise the company on "corporate affairs and investor relations". Highly appropriate for a man who was there when Raper took shareholders for a ride!

Not that there is any mention of Raper or the comments about Stone in the DTI reports on St Piran and Milbury to sully the pages of the Fortune prospectus produced by brokers Shaw & Co. But then joint brokers Neilson Cobbold were among those who whitewashed the Stone/Raper connection in the Embassy prospectus.

Clearly the lights are on in the Stock Exchange Tower but no one is at home.

FALLING circulation of the soon to be not *Independent* at all will not be boosted by fans of its tainted tipster "Changi Jim" Slater. The latest look at his record after more than six months of share tips shows nothing to justify his self-proclaimed and *Independent* parroted claim to be a "stock market guru".

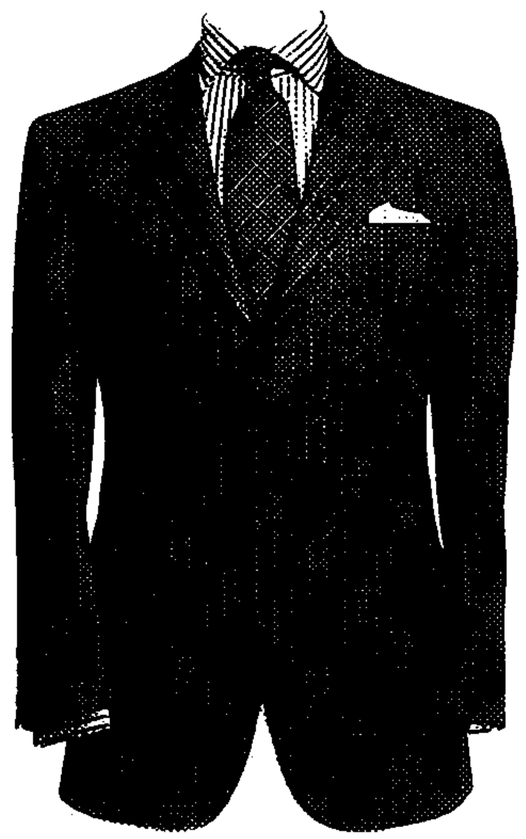
Slater has so far picked nine shares: seven London, two Hong Kong listed. Six show profits on the prices at which he tipped them — Amersham International (695p to 849p); Motor World (257p to 313p); Ingham (109p to 156p); British Data Management (223p to 240p); Shoprite (140p to 175p) and S Megga (HK$2.25 to HK$2.35). But Sage is down from 567p to 368p, Tepnel Diagnostics 229p to 178p and Innovative International HK$2.90 to HK$2.80.

The result for anyone who put £1,000 into each of the pundit's picks is a profit of £633, or just 7 percent during a period when the market as a whole has risen more than 8.5 percent! And that non-guru like return is *before* dealing costs and assumes — most unlikely — that any *Independent* punter could deal at the Slater recommended price.

No wonder "Changi Jim" has become a less frequent feature in recent weeks. Perhaps the beleaguered Andreas Whittam Smith hopes he will spend more time on his upcoming book, *Investment Made Easy*.

'Slicker'

Advertisement



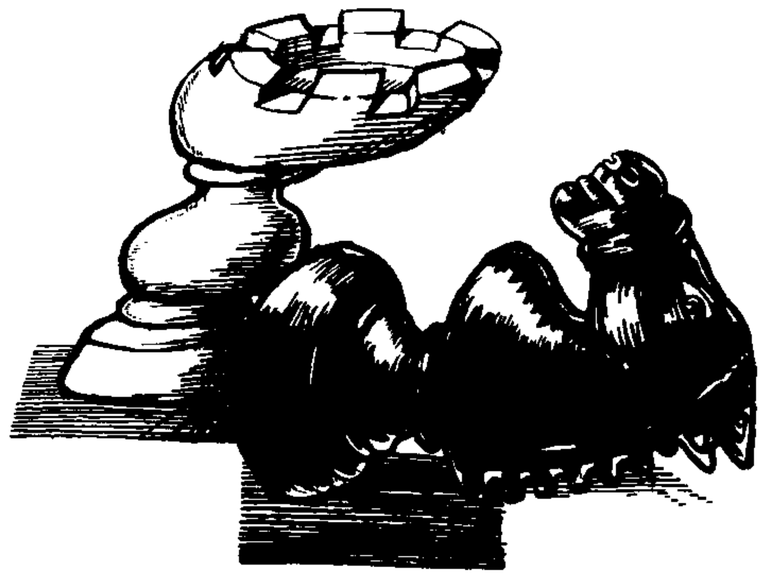
HACKETT
LONDON

Gentlemen's Clothing

137-138 SLOANE STREET
LONDON SW1
071-730 3331

FULHAM AND THE CITY

Daily dispatches from the battlefront.



When the battle commences between Nigel Short and Gary Kasparov for the World Chess Championship, The Telegraph will be covering every move on the board.

The Daily and Sunday Telegraphs already field the most powerful team of chess contributors in Britain, including the International Master Malcolm Pein, and Grandmasters Tony Miles and David Norwood.

Joining the team to ensure that The Telegraph's coverage of this heavyweight contest sweeps the board will be Kasparov's biographer, Donald Trelford, and Dominic Lawson, the chess-mad editor of The Spectator and a close friend of Short.

The Telegraph will bring you full reports and comment on each day's play. With such a high calibre of chess correspondents you may even experience your own battle – at the newsagents.

The Daily Telegraph · The Sunday Telegraph

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.40 a word.
Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.00 a word.
Box numbers £7.50 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 8th September for inclusion in the next issue.

Quote of the week:

"A recent survey for a computer magazine found that 67 per cent of all male computer programmers still have underwear bought by their mothers."

Sunday Mirror magazine.

WHEN IRONCLAD alibis conflict with infallible science. CT.

H.M.M. EDIN. UNI. circa 71. 21 years on — recent discovery of your letters has got me thinking of you and how you are. (Finished with my "Children of Albion" yet? Only joking.) Box 0228.

DAKIN IS the name that keeps cropping up. CT.

GGWWF.

SPEECHWRITING: Individually customised professional service. Corporate, social, political. Speedy and confidential. Make 'em laugh or no fee! Call the expert — MITCH MURRAY, 0624-622660. Access/Visa.

SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE to Annie. I dream of you and I won't rest until I find out who you are. (Sept 24, that is!)

STEVE FROM Bedfordshire who went to American football, contact Dallas Cowboy fan. Box 0128.

SOUTHERN FRANCE. Fully furnished cottage in wine village for sale. Three bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, terrace, 170,000 francs. 010-33 68454804.

BREAKFAST WITH swans. Residential Islington narrow-boat, 315,950. 071 253 3278.

COUNTRY RETREAT — early 19th century two bedroom cottage in picturesque Suffolk market town, only 90 mins from London. Exposed beams, open fireplace, pretty garden. £58,000. 0394 386127.

SICK OF CRAP T-shirts? Design your own! We need your artwork, photographs, clippings, kids' paintings. We'll enlarge up to 16x11" and print onto 100% cotton fully washable shirts, in full colour! Text added £2. Artwork returned. £11.00 inc. p&p. Cheques to: CCE, 6 Church St, Consett, Co. Durham, DH8 5QA. 0207 583868. Deduct 50p for defamatory designs directed at Clearing Banks.

YOUR ANTIQUE radio restored like new! Great family gift. Fully guaranteed. Free estimates. RADIOCRAFT. 0386 882280/881988.

QAT — REPUTED African stimulant and passion enhancer. £6.90 for approx. 3oz. Cheque payable "Rundall" to KHAT (PE), 95 Ditchling Road, Brighton BN1 4SE.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order. SAE to P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

ALAN'S CARICATURES from photos. 0202 433716 for samples/prices.

STUFF MAASTRICHT,
Up yours Delors. Say it loud. £2 for car-sticker to
EPR, PO Box 289, Hounslow TW4 7AZ.

PLAYING CARDS: political, satirical, historical. SAE for illustrated list: INTERCOL, 43 Templars Crescent, London N3 3QR.

CARICATURIST FOR PARTIES and business functions. 081 520 7262.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE
See EYE DRINK.

RICK'S CARICATURES from photos. Samples and prices, 081-441 6607.

£18 — CARICATURES from photographs. 0548 810468.

DESIGNER-TYPE watches — be like a film-star for as little as £15. Ideal gift. Mail-order trade enquiries welcome. Phone for a catalogue: 0628 784611.

A "TITLE" for a tenner? Details to SASURVIVAL (P), Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD1 1QJ.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops and Robbers etc, etc. For wall-plaque catalogue, large 28p SAE — INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273-606240) Access/Visa.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London and South East. Gift vouchers etc. 0784 451007.

BALLOON FLIGHTS. In Britain's Biggest Balloon. W. London/Hants/Berks/Surrey. £95. 081-840 0108.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800-906609.

MARVIN HANGLIDER caricaturist and songwriter. 03727 43230.

COMPACT DISC CLOCKS. £11.50. 0322 275755.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £40 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

THE ESTERHAZY SINGERS — established central London choir needs new members in all voice parts. Music-reading ability expected, also commitment. Rehearsals Tuesday evenings. Further details from R. LEE, 081 878 1286 evenings.

YOUR STARTER for ten? Join us to lobby the return of The Challenge and Bamber Gascoigne. SAE, STARTER FOR TEN, 108 Balmoral Road, Northampton NN2 6JZ.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE quizzes or bespoke quizzes of your choice, for all venues and occasions. Further details telephone MAGUS, Bristol (0272) 530909 (24 hour answerphone) or write to PO Box 1064, Bristol BS99 1PA.

QUALFICATIONS: See "EUI" advertisement under Eye Learn.

TELE RECORDER: Domestic & commercial. Record both way telephone conversations clearly and discreetly. 081 968 0227.

OLD PERSIAN rugs. Marquee sale (NOT auction) of hundreds of Old Oriental rugs, carpets, runners, cushions on Kent country house lawns over weekend 2nd-3rd October. Mostly £80-£2,500. Details, card from DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. Tel: 0622 871353.

LONELY HEARTS. Lonely hi-fi looking for generous benefactor, very cheap and guaranteed to provide lots of fun, very little attention required. RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) for your FREE copy of our bargain packed fun catalogue/price-list.

ADULT VIDEOS, imported titles, established nationwide. 0831 841405/0860 403691 anytime.

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. 0530 230861.

STD CODE INVERTER. Numerical directory locates advertisers. 1993 edition. £3; two copies £5. OAKLEY PUBLISHING, PE93, Surlingham Lane, Rockland St Mary, Norwich NR14 7HH.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail — the definitive guide! Free details: U.D.M., 6 Springlawn Drive, Blanchardstown, Dublin 15, Ireland.

CLASSIC MODEL cars — authentic personalised number plates. 0800 906609.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment, free catalogue, 021 411 1821.

"CREDIT CARDS — how to get them". Details SAE, CREDITLINE, 1A Lansdown Way, Huyton L36 9YB.

AVOID PAYING your debts. 40-page guide explains how to thwart creditors and pay off on your own terms. £14.50 to WORKING SOLUTIONS, 95 Ditchling Road, Brighton BN1 4ST. Buy it before they ban it!

REVEAL YOUR potential. Right and left-hand analysis from good prints/photocopies. £7.95 cheque to: 108 Crestway, Roehampton, London SW15 5AD.

DIVORCE MEDITATION. Can we help you with counselling or arrangements for your children's future: residence and contact? Registered charity. Central London. 071-730 2422.

DISCREET SERVICE: Central London. Your name, our prestige address. Mail/message holding/forwarding. 24 hour answerphone, WP, translations, copywriting. 071 624 1929.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 071-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

MAILING ADDRESS, telephone-fax-WP-CVs. Fully confidential. 081 688 8144.

AD VALUE — unique Copylink fax service for small business improves return on your advertisement, leaflet, press release, mailshot. Fast turnaround (usually inside four hours), flat fee (£42+VAT). Corrections, amendments, suggestions, top-&-tail treatments — whatever it's going to take to lift response rates and make the impact you want. We can help you get the ideas clear and the words just right. Fax draft or proofs with covering not eto 081-940 7582. More detauls from 081-332 7949 or THE COPY CLINIC, PO Box 218, Richmond TW9 3DR.

CVs
EXPERTLY
COMPILED/UPDATED
Leaflet
0985 214670

SLEUTH & SONS investigate tactfully and discreetly. 081 742 8083.

COVERT SERVICES. 0222-891372.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: Savile Row, W1. Mail & packages held/forwarded worldwide. 071 287 3301.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS PLUS — the complete service. Confidentiality not lip service. Tel. 0455 273458.

MAKING A SPEECH? Personalised scripts professionally written for all social and business occasions. Call THE SPOKEN WORD, 071 354 9755.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service, W1. Visa/Access 071 580 4242.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

SPEECHWRITING: Individually customised professional service. Corporate, social, political. Speedy and confidential. Make 'em laugh or no fee! Call the expert — MITCH MURRAY, 0624-622660. Access/Visa.

T-SHIRTS SCREENPRINTED. 0736-66248.

UNIVERSITY AWARDS: "O" Levels, "A" Levels, Bachelor, Masters and Doctorates. Legal yet without further study. E.U.I. (P3), Redgrove House, 393 Lordship Lane, Dulwich, London SE22 8JN.

UN POSTO al sole. If you need to do an extra A level in the most conducive environment, THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE is for you. Call Victoria on 01039 55 284031 to book your "place in the sun". Shorter courses of Italian and Art History are also available.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY degrees, immediate. European representatives. 010 345 248 6340.

RESITS? "A" LEVELS for the first time? Come to the OXFORD SCHOOL OF LEARNING. We are cheaper and quicker than our competitors. Telephone (0865) 741345 for a prospectus.

THE BEST PLACE TO LEARN a language is in the country where it is spoken. EF INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE SCHOOLS teach French in Nice, German in Munich, Spanish in Spain, and Italian in Italy. Courses begin every week, all year round. (071) 401 3660 for free brochure.

RUSSIAN STUDY in Moscow, St Petersburg. 081 544 1718.

FROM SEPTEMBER everyone can be their own publisher! How? The Small Press Centre's series of 6 evening classes at Middlesex University. From "Producing your own Publication" to "Business and the Small Publisher". Write for Courses Brochure: SPC, Room T202, MU, White Hart Lane, London N17 8HR.

ARSEKICKING R&B band available for your party/function/bash. Let's do it!! New Year's Eve still available. Call Dave: 0604 792109.

INFORMATION UNLIMITED: Read all about it. Spying, revenge, harassment, and much more. 081-968 0227.

ARCADIAN BOOK Search runs a comprehensive service finding out of print books, any subject, reasonable prices. For information, phone 0222 576541.

GIRLS' OWN magazine — for women who prefer women. £2. B.M. PRINCESS (P.E.), London WC1 (full address).

LENIN'S TROUSERS. Amazing stories by Ellis Sharp. Paperback, £6.99. Available from bookshops. "Surrealistic and political" — Socialist Review.

WOULD YOU PAY £8 to rid society of politicians for ever and ever, amen? Then put your money wehere your mind is, because here it is — the practical guide to a new renaissance. £7.99 (includes P&P), payable to PAUL GREENWOOD. Send to: SNAKEBITE, 67 London Road, Tunbridge Wells TN1 1DT.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 0686 668851.

NATURISM 2000 comprehensive handbook £3. NATURIST FOUNDATION (Dept. P), Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET.

EROTIC FICTION catalogue, £1.00 to DOMINO BOOKS (PE), PO Box 83, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 2RJ.

AUTHORS, we'll publish your book. All subjects considered, reprints welcome. JANUS PUBLISHING, Dept 39, Duke House, 37 Duke St, London W1M 5DF.

ARTICLES SOUGHT by would-be solicitor. LSF passed July 1992. Salary unimportant. Please contact Paul Robinson, Box 0628.

WORK NEXT WINTER in the Swiss Alps. Send £5 for a list of addresses to G. WAINWRIGHT, Haus Elan, 3920 Zermatt, Switzerland.

LIKE CARS? Like cash? Earn yourself a Porsche or £15,000 in 12 months... or pay us nothing. Not MLM. Details: NETWORK TRADING, Freepost, Didcot, Oxon, OX11 7BP.

EXCELLENT EARNINGS. Lucrative opportunity available for limited period only. Enjoy a new lifestyle free of money worries. For details write to WINDSOR PUBLISHING, Freepost (SL1967), Slough, SL1 3BR quoting ref. "WPPE1". Don't miss out — act now!!!

WORK YOUR WAY out of work in a 2-5 year period. Build your own business at your own pace. Ring 081 941 6207.

KLEENEZE AGENTS (M.L.M.) — opportunities all areas. Phone JOHN/BETTY SHEFFIELD 0742 729282.

PERSONS NEEDED. Self-determined commitment. International connections advantageous. Serious offer: 0705 655326.

PUT YOUR FOUL language to use. Computer gurus with itchy feet and good language skills send your CVs to GENEVA SERVICES (UK) LTD, Premier House, 11 Marlborough Place, Brighton, BN1 6TE. 0273 566742.

LIVING ABROAD: Worried about income? Totally unique U.S. vending operation, fabulous cash business. Launch: Spain, September 1993. Followed by Portugal, Italy and Greece. Independence with full security. Immense potential. VEND-A-SCENT. Tel: 010 34 5288500. Fax: 010 34 528 32016. Elviria Business Centre, Elviria, 29600 Marbella, Malaga, Spain.

SCREW THE BOOKMAKER with my unique approach to betting. SAE to: R.J. REES, PO Box 225, Cosham, Portsmouth PO6 3EA.

OVER 45? For top income potential, 071 790 2072.

SECRETS REVEALED: How to legally obtain a SECOND FOREIGN PASSPORT. Up-to-date guide by international attorney, over 100 countries examined. Also,become a PT (perpetual traveller) and legally avoid taxes, government and hassle. Discover the insider facts about Andorra/ Gibraltar/ Monaco/ Campione/ Switzerland. NEW CARS! How to buy tax free. Become a LEGAL TAX EXILE. Send for free brochure to: SCOPE, Box 3833, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville PO8 9JL, UK. Tel: 44 705 592255 (0705 UK) or Fax: 44 705 591975 (0705 UK). Advice that your accountants or lawyers wouldn't dare tell you — even if they knew. Please quote Box Number when enquiring.

FUTURISTIC POLITICAL thriller won't get made unless independent film-maker raises £11,000. Can you help? For details, contact STRAY DOG FILM CO., 3F, 30 Howe St, Edinburgh EH3 6TG.

RACING DRIVER. Talented, articulate and marketable, seeks sponsorship. Can provide spectacular corporate entertainment. Will sleep with female backers if required. Box 0728.

ESTABLISHED AGENCY sought to locate title sponsor for unique international race event. Usual percentage for successful negotiations. Box 0828.

ELISABETH FRINK limited edition made for children's charity. £5,100. Enquiries Box 0528.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE. Your own unique message printed on the label. Delivered next day. £24.95. 071 622 4452.

FINE WINE, private cellar/seller. Please phone after 6pm, 081-660 1486.

BUFFETS & DINNER PARTIES
in your home or your office.
Wide selection of menus,
excellent references.
FRANCES TEMPLETON,
071-792 8359.

NEW MALDEN CATS Protection League have many rescued cats and kittens needing homes. Open Day, Saturday 25th September, 1-4pm, Bric a brac, books, jumble, unwanted gifts welcome. For information Tel. 081 949 2930.

CHARITY AUCTION of original cartoons and art. Bedford Rugby Club, 17.9.93, at 7.30pm. In aid of Hitchmead School. £2.50 admission and catalogue. 0767 601010 for further details.

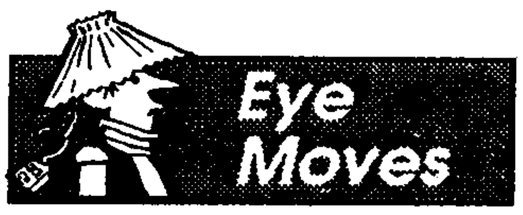
ANIMATION — production sels/backgrounds wanted. Anything considered, cash paid. hone 0235 851494 after 8pm.

AIR MILES WANTED — will pay! TRACY WORTH, 0532 435765 working hours.

SAT GURU seeks publisher for his book of knowledge. Box 0328.

HARASSMENT: BOOK researcher seeks material on experiences. Anonymity assured. Box 0428.

AIRMILES AND VIRGIN standbys required — will pay. 081-442 1817.



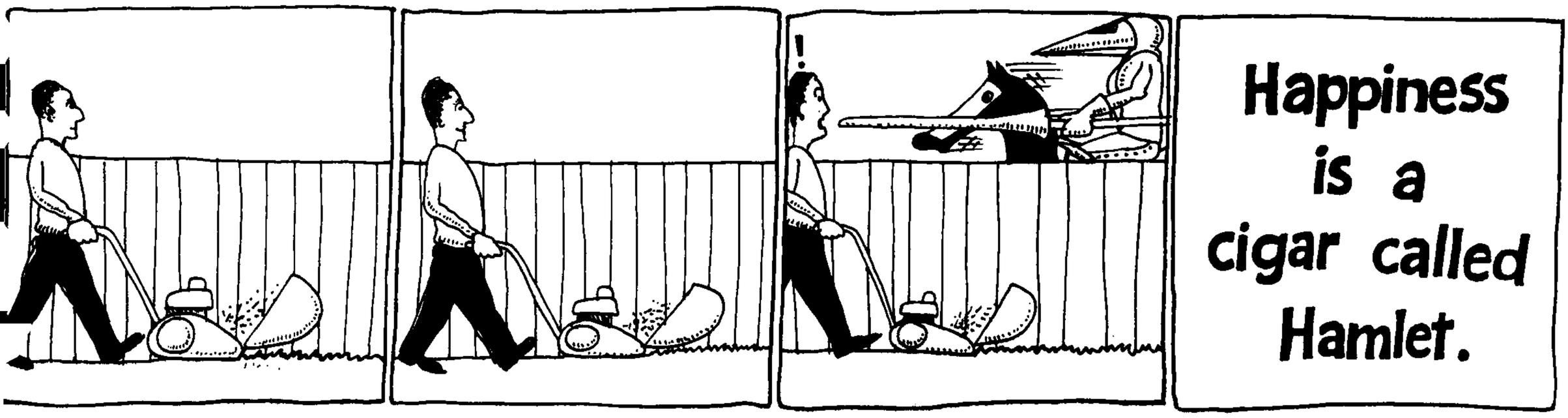
LIGHT MOVES — anywhere anytime. 071-835 1574.

HAMMERSMITH REMOVALS and rubbish clearance. 071-602-3036.

JAMES REMOVALS — household and office. Boxes and storage. 071 431 1713.

IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 071 352 9380.



GOOD CARS NEEDED most urgently. Unlimited cash available. A very civilised buyer calls. Phone anytime: 081-886 6443.

EYES 210-466, some gaps. List/offers: 67 Bournebrook Avenue, Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

98 EYES between 19 and 127. Offers? 0865 727120.

EYES 433-827. 8 missing. Offers? 081-977 8823.

NEUROTICS BUILD CASTLES in the air — experienced psychotherapist can help you come down to earth and see straight. 081 961 7802.

IMPOTENCE, A MEDICAL problem treated medically. Harley Street Consultant. Call 071 935 8844.

IMPOTENCY, hair regrowth, memory loss. THE HEALTH DEVELOPMENT CLUB — the people to contact for help that works with the above problems. For free info pack Tel: 0594 564429 or SAE to: H.D.C., 123 Westgate St., Gloucester GL1 2PG.

HELP! NEAR-BANKRUPT husband, Thai wife refused British entry, needs air fare, settlement expenses to smooth course of true love. Box 1428.

FEMALE STUDENT 23, needs £1,000, grant refused. Box 1528.

HARD WORKING but dispirited Dad needs £5,000 to get loved ones away from terrible environment and start own business. All monies returned within eighteen months. Any financial assistance greatly appreciated. If needed details on request. Thank you. Box 1628.

HELP! STUDENT debts! Box 1728.

STUDENT DESPERATELY needs £3,000 donation/loan. Will repay. Box 1828.

HUNGRY HORSE to feed. Please help. Box 1928.

PLEASE HELP save lives in Africa. Cheques to MATABELELAND ZIMBABWE WATER PROJECT. Box 2028.

WOMAN NEEDS £2,000 to resolve financial crisis. Genuine replies only. Box 2128.

OSTEOPATHY STUDENT. Bright, dedicated, but sadly penniless. I can't fund course alone. Your annual pledge for four years is repaid in treatments when I qualify. Box 2228.

ANXIETY SUFFERER needs cash for therapy. Genuine. Box 2328.

£800 THEFT. College. Thwarted geniusette heartbroken. Cash heals. Soon! Box 2428.

FISCAL DONATIONS sought. Box 2528. Thank you.

HELP? FUNDS needed for film course. Thanks. Box 2628.

ORCHESTRA OF YOUNG professional musicians playing without fee need £500 to pay for venue hire for inaugural central London concert with pop soloist. Credit can be given in programme if desired. Box 2728.

TWO PUBLISHERS need £60,000 to fund business magazine in growth market. Break-even within a year. Box 2828.

HELP! £1,000 loan required please. Box 2928.

WRINKLIES WOULD truly appreciate help to pay creditors and escape system before losing marbles. Box 3028.

CAGED ANIMAL. £15,000 needed urgently to release monster effort to complete young Irishman's publishing project. Sponsorship, low, low interest loan or donations. Box 3128.

UNDERGRADUATE DESPERATELY requires help with final year fees. Ineligible for grant, can provide genuine evidence on require. Thanks. Box 3228.

OPTIMIST NEEDS your financial help to fulfill Pythonesque dreams. Please send what you can. Box 3328.

MATURE WOMAN film student needs money to ward off bankruptcy and take up directing place offered. Box 3428.

POOR LAW student needs funds to complete course. Please help. Box 3528.

TOOTHLESS TIGRESS. Desperately need £9,500 for dental implants. Please help. Box 3628.

£50,000 NEEDED for very special project. Miracles happen. Any contributions welcome. PO Box 176, London SE1 6PA.

WANTED URGENTLY, £100,000 for educational project in N.W. Box 3728.

BANK OWED £3,500, parents owed £1,500. Job pays food and rent only. cash needed urgently. Please help. Thank you. Box 3828.

OLD BANGER enables single mum to remain self-employed, financially independent. Box 3928.

HUNT SABOTEUR group vehicleless — urgently needs £1,500 donations/minibus to save fox cubs from hunt massacre. PO Box 589, Bristol, BS99 1BW.

Paying for your ad with SWITCH? Please quote the long SWITCH NUMBER across the middle of your card . . .

YOUNG FEMALE trainee pilot needs £5,000 to complete PPL, commercial sponsorship follows. Ultimate aim rescue work. Box 1028.

PHOTOGRAPHER — YOUNG, talented, broke! Seeks sponsor(s)/financial assistance. Anything considered. Box 1128.

ALCOHOL RESEARCHER needs £2,300 for MSc fees. Starting October. Advice welcome. Box 1228.

LAMDA LUVVY needs help towards £1,000 final year's fees. 081 748 9047.

DESPAIR: HELP me escape from it by clearing debts on the financial trap of an inner city flat. £7,000 frees me to move to a cheaper place (not for mortgage arrears!). Box 1328.

INNOCENT ENGLISHMAN desperately seeking funds for appeal overseas. Will repay on return. Box 12328.

HARD WORKING relatively sane individual has new adult fashion business ready to go but needs £10,000 to get off the ground. Very, very good potential. No time wasters. Telephone 021 608 4001.

PLEASE HELP! £3,000 urgently needed, donations gratefully received. Box 1227.

MONEY MAKES the world go round. My world's going backwards. Make it happen for somone else! Box 1327.

YOUNG PAPAGENO seeks sponsors for college. Box 0928.

£5,000 NEEDED to kick-start irreverent Belfast mag! Box 4028.

YOUNG FEMALE two years into PhD desperately needs £500 towards fees. Any amount very gratefully received and acknowledged. Box 4128.

RURAL HOUSE in South France needs occupying October-March. No rent. 01033 67822512.

SHARING? LETTING? Homesharer's handbook gives polite guidance to help make it work. £2 each — BLOT, PO Box 969, Bristol BS99 1ZH.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 042 482 404.

MANCHESTER B&B. 061 225 2792.

ENCHANTING SOMERSET: Listed house in Glastonbury's town centre, centrally-heated and cosy, with views across the Abbey grounds. Sleeps 3. Lets available all year. Dictate your address on 0234 211606 (frequently answerphone) for brochure.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 670868.

USA BEST AIR FARES. Australia, New Zealand, Worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London, SE25 6EA. Tel: 081-653 6514. ABTA.

WE ARE GOOD. For incredibly cheap Long-Haul flights and quite reasonable Short-Haul too. Also discounted holidays, car-hire and travel insurance. GEM TRAVEL, 071-483 2681.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

BEST OVERLAND VALUE 5/6 months through Africa. 18 countries. Opportunity to participate in Aid Project in Uganda. From £995. HOBO TRANS AFRICA EXPS. 0986 873124.

SAILING IS THERAPEUTIC. Introductory weekend £75, 5 days £200. Professional instructor on 34' yacht. Solent 0983 855559.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. From Kenya to the Karakorums, Bhutan to Botswana, Turkey to Thailand. Small group exploratory holidays in more than 60 countries. Wilderness experiences, cultural tours, walking, rafting, sailtreks, seatreks, tribal encounters... Get beyond the tourist facade! In Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, the Americas. 2 to 4 weeks. For free 80-page brochure call: (0252) 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL Bonded.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

EXODUS EXPEDITIONS overland — Africa, Asia, South America, S.E. Asia, China, Russia — from 4-24 weeks. For brochures telephone: 081 673 0859.

ASIA, AFRICA, South America overland expeditions. UK to Kathmandu, 9, 13 or 15 weeks. UK to Nairobi 20 weeks, to Harare 26 weeks. Nairobi to Harare 5 weeks. S. America 6 to 23 weeks. Turkey, M. East, Egypt 8 weeks. New colour brochure. DRAGOMAN (PE), 8 Camp Green, Debenham, Suffolk IP4 6LA. 0728 861133 (24 hours).

GREEK ISLANDS
— Mykonos, Paros, Antiparos, Naxos, Ios, Santorini, Sifnos, etc.
"The best place in the world to take your clothes off!"
SIMPLY SIMON HOLIDAYS
071-373 1933.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1992/93 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 5 to 9 weeks camping holidays — comprehensive itineraries starting from £425. PHOENIX OVERLAND 0533-626899.

EXPLORER EXPEDITIONS
6-27 weeks TransAfrica overland from £395-£1,495. Frequent departures. 9 week game park & gorillas £790.
Telephone: 0633-257561 for brochure.

TRUCK AFRICA, intrepid camping expeditions, 4-27 weeks. 071 731 6142 (24 hrs).

GREECE. ISLAND HOP aboard 65' schooner. Windsurfing, w/skiing, half-board from £160 pp/pw. Singles, couples, groups equally welcome. 0473 612230.

SAFARIS IN INDIA. Do your own thing in India, by jeep or mini-coach with driver/guide. For the non-herder. Phone JILL GIBBONS, 071-828 0575.

AMSTERDAM FUN COACH £29. 0282 450275.

PRAGUE EVERY Monday — Gatwick flights from £129, package from £199. ATOL/ABTA. LANZOTIC TRAVEL, 0342 834120.

BORNEO — JUNGLE trekking, rafting, paradise beaches, wildlife, Mt Kinabalu. Enjoy this incredible destination with a small group — ABILITY ADVENTURE 0437 890209.

WEEKEND SURVIVAL courses in Scotland (0831) 431698.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, AVON, Wiltshire — a personal introduction service for the unattached but socially aware. Discretion assured. Phone STEPPING OUT on 0666 840580/331.

1000 PRETTY GIRLS worldwide seek friendship, romance, marriage. Free colour photo brochure: CORRESPONDENCE CLUB '70/PE, Box 8177, Rotterdam, Holland.

CHAMPAGNE HOUSE parties, barbecues and dinner parties organised in Kent and E. Sussex for unattached professional/business people (over 30 years). Call DINNERMATES, 0892 524786.

FLORENCE AND DOUGAL
Totally Respectable

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

"THIS PICTURE-DATING idea is brilliant." Capital Radio. Photo-introductions sent to you — a successful service for professional people. 071-839 8884 (day) or 081-297 1424 (any time).

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS for romance with like-minded singles, nationwide. All ages. 081 348 5229.

VIRGINIA CHARLES
The exclusive
introduction agency
for people of quality
and integrity
April House
Shilton, Oxfordshire,
OX18 4AB
Telephone: 0993 840888
Fax: 0993 840899

BEST SINGLES Magazine in the Universe. PERSON TO PERSON. Free details (PE4), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

LOVEMATCH NATIONWIDE introductions. Confidential, discreet, caring matches made by a Psychologist. For free details write or phone: LOVEMATCH, Department NPE, FREEPOST CB1173, Haddenham, Ely, Cambs CB6 3BR. Tel: 0353 740358.

FLORENCE AND DOUGAL'S discerning dating agency. A magical introduction service for people who are single but still laughing. Call 0452 730960 or write to PO Box 146, Glos GL2 9YF.

TRANSVESTITES DRESSING circle, limited memberships available. SAE,PO Box 3264, London SW12 8XS.

SIAM INTRODUCTIONS have hundreds of beautiful respectable marriage-minded Thai ladies. Free photobrochure: 33 Lower Camden, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 5HY. Or tel: 081 467 8882.

BEST CHOICE of Eastern European contacts (videos available). EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS (PE/EC), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC business director (London) seeks very attractive intelligent female companion/confidante. Box 5928.

HANDSOME MALE, tall, slim, sensual, 45, own business, trapped in lifeless marriage, seeks woman any age in same situation for discreet relationship South West/anywhere. Box 5628.

ATTRACTIVE INDEPENDENT affectionate 40ish lady, likes sunshine, Elgar, Dire Straits, seeks tall stylish non-smoking 40s man with everything but girl. Box 5728.

THOROUGHBRED, 28, tall, passionate, warm, VGSoH, enjoys travel, theatre; seeks well-bred frisky filly, 25-35, to become eternal stablemates. Sussex/Surrey. Photo please. Box 5828.

37-YR-OLD WEALTHY intelligent maverick — married — seeks non-smoking lady with London accommodation who can "put him up" for a few days at a time (weekdays only). Witty romantic lusty, highly solvent. Go on girls, give me a try longterm. I'm reliable and fun. Box 3824.

TALL (6') HANDSOME male graduate, 36, single, highly intelligent, many interests, seeks beautiful young (20-30) female, any nationality, for friendship, fun, romance. Exchange (briefish) letter, phone. Home Counties/London base (will travel). Box 4228.

TALL PROFESSIONALLY qualified male, 41, SoH, n/s, likes concerts, Tolstoy, CSN&Y, Mozart, Deighton, dining, countryside, motorcycles, travel, seeks cheerful intelligent lady to enjoy interesting unpredictable life, London. Box 4328.

HANDSOME GRADUATE (26) seeks warm and wicked woman! Photo secures reply. Box 4428.

INTELLIGENT ATHLETIC male, 34, based Ireland, occasionally visiting London and SE, seeks Asian or Oriental lady. Correspondence first, dinner later. Box 4528.

ATTRACTIVE FORMER nurse (25), currently a student, seeks amusing, tall boyfriend aged 28-30ish. Photo and letter preferred. Single men only, please. Box 4628.

I'M DIFFERENT: Male, new to N. West, 43, single, heterosexual, n/s, GSoH but different enough to be interesting. I'd like to share differences, maybe more, with an interesting woman. Box 4828.

ARE YOU FEMALE, attractive, intelligent, mature, 40-60? Male, tall, middle-aged, sincere, solvent, attractive, wants to meet you for uncomplicated relationship, Merseyside/Wirral/Cheshire, n/s. Photo & phone number guarantees reply. Box 4928.

WELL-READ, LOVING, loyal friend sought by female university tutor (presentable, fit, 40s), to share professional and personal concerns. Box 5028.

SUCCESSFUL GRADUATE London man, professional, non-smoker, young fortysomething, seeks voluptuous petite lady to share wining, dining, opera, dancing and live happily ever after. Box 5128.

PAF, 23, GRADUATE, incapable and indecisive advert composer seeks romantic female companion. Box 5228.

SLIM ATTRACTIVE professional man, 38, seeks Eastern/Oriental lady for discreet earthly pleasures. Box 5328.

DO YOU ONLY dream about your fantasies? Educated male, 44, seeks similar sensuous female to turn fantasy to reality together. London/Home Counties. Photo appreciated. Box 5428.

EFFUSIVE CARING man, 35, 6'1", intelligent and gregarious seeks warm-hearted effervescent attractive female partner for launch into lifelong happiness. Your move next. Box 5528.

OPTIMISTIC AND reasonably attractive married chap (36), seeks lady with cheerful disposition and big tits, for the usual impossibly complicated relationship! London. Box 9326.

DOCTOR YEARNED for by graduate lovely lady (34) to complete her happiness. London/M4. Box 9426.

PIMPLED, GREASY haired male with BO, dandruff, scabies, septic ingrown toenails and beergut seeks genuine woman who believes looks don't count. SoH essential. Box 8826.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 30s, attractive and very sexy, intelligent, adventurous. Many interests including sport, music and travel. Seeking fun loving female to share life. Based near Oxford. Box 9928.

BEAST (PROFESSIONAL male, 30) seeks beauty (ono) for wining/dining, intellectual stimulation, mutual adoration, laughs and naughty frolics. Photo/phone appreciated. London, anywhere. Box 5026.

IDEAL MALE, handsome, intelligent etc., etc., seeks beautiful lady 25-35. No kind sincere introverts or riff-raff. Box 6028.

WANTON MALE, 43, looks younger, loosely attached, needs smart older lady to add spice to life's roller coaster ride. Home Counties. Box 6128.

MOUNTAIN LOVER? Fit, fun, female (30s), slightly unconventional, attractive, creative, professional, seeks similar self-assured male to enjoy wild country, adventure, sports, culture and cream teas! Informative letter and photo ensures same response. Bristol/S.W. Box 6228.

JOURNALIST, 31, TALL, attractive, seeks attractive Asian/Black female to share the odd bottle of wine and maybe more. Photo please. Box 6328.

NEO-ROMANTIC MARRIED man (35), graduate, tall (6'), dark and handsome (eat-yer-heart-out Quasimodo!), seeks warm, affectionate female (28-45ish) as discreet friend/lover. Nationality/marital status unimportant. London. Box 6428.

GROUCHY CAPRICORN, married (but semi-detached), humorous, solvent, ambitious professional, kind, gentle, well-preserved 43, seeks younger, warmer, better looking lady (Capricorn or Taurus?), with whom to enjoy la dolce vita (or love, even?). (London/SE). Box 6528.

EX PROP FORWARD, fast in loose, tight in scrum, 5'11", 16st, seeks cheerful intelligent lady 35-55 for country pursuits, golf/racing especially, and indoor events. London. Photo/letter. Box 6628.

TRAVEL MALE, 50ish, seeking 40ish unquestionably attractive sensual female travel guest, hedonistic short/long trips, Europe, USA, in caring relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 6728.

FEMALE STUDENT, 21, seeks John Sessions type. Box 6828.

SOUTHERN SOFTIE, 31, own wheelchair, seeks buxom Yorkshire lass, 23-35, for (initially) uncomplicated log fire weekends in the Dales. Must like horses, buxomness optional. Box 6928.

HAPPY, ATTRACTIVE woman, 31, easy-going, affectionate, seeking caring professional (including lawyers), London. Box 7028.

TALL, HANDSOME male, 27, Cambridge PhD, seeks older woman to complete his education. North West. Box 7128.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge. For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

ABERDEEN MALE, 40, single, executive, seeks fun country loving sharp female for sharing social life. Photo/letter means similar response. Box 7228.

GRADUATE, SINGLE, 33, 5'6", dry SoH, seeks young lady for fun and family. Kent/London. Box 7328.

MALE, 32, THOUGHT Vox was brilliant. Is there a woman — preferably with a wicked SoH — who agrees? Box 10626.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 31, Surrey/London, professionally successful but still single, seeks intelligent woman with SoH for friendship and maybe more. Box 9626.

MAN, TOO PROFESSIONAL scientist, mid 20s, SW England, seeks similar lady to relax with. Box 8228.

STUNNINGLY ATTRACTIVE, vivacious, professional woman (27), tired of meeting same old faces on social rounds, seeks tall, affluent, charismatic chap (25-35) for fun and frolics. London area. Photo ensures reply. Box 8328.

HAPPY HUMOROUS Aries male (25) seeks attractive, bright, sensuous professional woman 22-30 who likes good food, country walks and those warm and fuzzy moments. Letter/photo guarantees reply. Box 8428.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL man, 55, generous, humorous, seeks educated slim sensuous lady 30/50 for occasional libidinous lunches, Thames Valley/London. Box 8528.

BEN ELTON'S twin brother cunningly disguised as a witty caring attractive 32 year old lawyer seeks intelligent affectionate gorgeous woman with wicked sense of humour. Undying devotion to "Dad's Army" repeats and Steve Martin films helpful. Box 8628.

INTELLECTUAL SEEKS meeting of minds and bodies! Professional 40, worldly-wise, seeks soulmate. Interests: varied including environment, travel, arts, current affairs. At home in city and country. Enjoys London but above all country life and farming/animals — seeking "good life". Likes log fires, shared interests and happiness. Photo essential. Box 8728.

ATTRACTIVE MARRIED man, 43, needs loving woman. W. London. Box 8828.

POLITICALLY INCORRECT advert? I should co-co! Witty attractive 33 year old male lawyer desires stunningly intelligent humorous and (wait for it) voluptuous woman with whom to spark. Box 8928.

ISN'T THERE an eligible caring mature gentleman looking for a warm charming 53ish lady with beautiful eyes? Thames Valley. Box 9028.

TALL, SLIM, fit London man, 37 — good-looking, of course — dreaming of fun, frolics and fulfilment with a slender, elegant, wicked girl. Box 9128.

HANDSOME SUCCESSFUL sexy man, 45, seeks attractive intelligent passionate younger woman for discreet affair or open relationship. Photo please. Box 9228.

JURASSIC SPARK? Fossilising London male, forties, seeks quietly shameless woman for aliveness. Send DNA or photo. Box 9328.

LOVELY LISSOM lady — let me massage your back — no cash, no catch. I practise, you relax. Photo first please. Box 9428.

HANDSOME AMUSING tall upper-class chappie, 36, with PhD seeks beautiful girl with red nails and a XXX like a peach. Box 9528.

MALE LAWYER 40s, seeks warm female. Immediate physical relationship. Genuine. Confidentiality respected. Lancashire, North or Midlands. Box 9628.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE doctor (33), relocated N. West, affectionate, gently humorous, very normal, reformed workaholic with much to share with similar sporty 6ftish male. Exchange photos. Box 9728.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE (27), fussier than she thinks, looking for beardless non-smoker (27-36) who shares her interests in theatre, opera, fiction etc. Must have neurones with synapses. North-East. Box 9828.

PRETTY, INTELLIGENT graduate female 27 seeks well educated male, 28-38. Russia, Moscow 123022, Box 66.

DISCREET LOVER sought by medical man (30). North-West. Photo? Box 9526.

OVERPAID, OVERSEXED and underloved? Female? Need a wife? Then I'm your man. Box 4926.

HONEST REASONABLE man, 25, seeks passionate woman for twist in his sobriety, London. Box 9726.

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE businesswoman, warm, sensitive, sensual, fit, well-balanced, GSoH, seeks tall heterosexual unmarried male 48+ for loving, caring and possibly marriage. Box 9826.

COLONIAL BUSINESSMAN (young 50ish), English background, visits London regularly, seeks lady for quiet dinners and maybe more. Photo and phone number assures reply. Box 9926.

ATHLETIC TALL male, 33, well-travelled humorous easy-going, likes outdoors and inside pubs, seeks fun-loving female who likes her back being massaged. Central/South England. Box 10326.

ATTRACTIVE AMUSING tall slim guy, 43, caring, considerate, great lifestyle, seeks attractive younger lady any ethnic background. Sincere longterm relationship. Box 10426.

TALL, SLIM Midlands man, 29, seeks thirtysomething intelligent woman for occasional dalliance. Box 10526.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
Queries and Credit Card dictated advertisements: 071 734 6887
Fax: 071 437 0705

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE:

(use separate sheet if necessary)

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND TELEPHONE NUMBER (this information is confidential):

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

_____

SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

SWITCH CARD ISSUE NUMBER : ☐ EXPIRY DATE: ☐☐☐☐

CARDHOLDER'S SIGNATURE : _____

CARDHOLDER'S NAME & ADDRESS (IF DIFFERENT FROM ABOVE):

_____

_____

_____

ADVERTISING RATES

- ☐ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.40 PER WORD
- ☐ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ☐ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £7.50

VAT INCLUSIVE (RECEIPT ON REQUEST)

SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ☐ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ☐ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ☐ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

6'4" OF RIPPLING sinew, 26, needs experienced older woman, 28-38, to answer why? Box 7428.

ALL MALE CLASS of '72, never grown up — looks it, but good. Has profession, income, taste for fine wine/food, and looking to find his perfect mistress. In London. Box 7528.

NEWCASTLE LADY, attractive, 40, seeks new man in her life. Box 7628.

INTELLIGENT, QUIET, slim, non-blonde, funny, unhappy woman (25-35), maybe Irish?, sought by similar man (David), for letters etc. Box 7728.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE solicitor, 32, seeks professional male for theatre, films, eating out etc., and more? Photo and phone no. please. Herts/London. Box 7828.

IN NEED OF a secret lover? So am I. Intelligent, attractive twentysomething male wants to hear from you. Box 7928.

SINGLE UNASSUMING man, 44, wide interests, fit, slim, seeks sensuous lady as soulmate, age 40s, non-smoker. London area. Box 8028.

SUCCESSFUL ATTRACTIVE entrepreneur (London) with Far Eastern business plans seeks attractive female friend speaking any Oriental or Asian language. Box 8128.

HANDSOME PROFESSIONAL gent (29), who thinks that tall is beautiful, seeks n/s slim lady (21-30) at least 5'8". I've a good sense of humour and like sports and romantic poetry. East Midlands area, photo please. Box 9026.

Box numbers are for privacy. If you don't want your address to appear pay £7.50 extra and we will allocate a box number to your ad. Your replies will be posted to us and we will forward them to you privately.

CARING, INDIAN businessman, 44, seeks discreet friendship with vegetarian lady, any age. East Midlands. Box 9126.

TALL SEPARATED male, 47¾ looking for happy hitch-hiker to explore galaxy, Thames Valley and London. Box 8926.

WOMAN; AGE — 56 years, height — 67 inches, weight — 147 pounds; seeks happy, well-balanced, intellectual man; for ideas, sex, love. Box 8526.

GARFIELD-LOVING generous graduate gent, 26, Berkshire, seeks warm, caring, lasagne-loving n/s lady for fun, laughter, theatre, concerts, etc. Box 10028.

DISGRACEFULLY BORING middle-aged London man, reprehensibly humourless and (shock horror) small, seeks original woman of any race for lasting relationship. Box 10128.

COMPANY DIRECTOR/ professional man (discreet!) sought by tall shapely blonde for occasional fun liaisons. 35-45. Box 10228.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, warm, late 30s, seeks educated reliable female for lasting relationship. Box 10328.

SHY CITY PROFESSIONAL 26, sensitive, considerate, seeks affectionate lady for romantic evenings. Box 10428.

SURREY PILOT, 39, tall, slim, no wife, kids or debts, seeks interesting confident woman 25-35 with wit and great legs who like me has thought about it but never done one of these ads. Be brave! Photo please. Box 10528.

PRETTY, VACANT possession — one gorgeous arts grad — small, 26 and female. Suit humorous philanderer needing shelter. Negotiable terms. Box 10628.

MALE, 30, SINGLE, intelligent, presentable, loyal, good sense of humour, seeks similar female. London/Herts. Box 10728.

NELSON SEEKS Lady Hamilton. London. Box 10828.

ATTRACTIVE DISCREET London married man, 40, seeks woman. Looks and age less important than sense of fun. Box 10928.

GRADUATE, 23, SEEKS woman to indulge in all her fantasies. London. Box 11028.

NOT VERY ATTRACTIVE, overweight, neurotic, cynical old hag needs ditto male. Central, S.W. London. Box 11128.

WIDOW, 70, EX-U.N., active, energetic, seeks widower/similar: fit, well-built, independent means, affectionate, educated, interesting, liking exercise/travel, British or English/French speaking, photo. To live in Geneva. Box 11228.

PRAGMATIC LADY, 45, seeks mad, passionate affair with someone who can put up shelves. Box 11328.

DUBLIN, UNATTACHED executive, mid-40s, attractive, charming, good-humoured, fun, sophisticated, solvent, seeks very attractive, non-smoking, intelligent, 35-40 lady under 5'6" to share romance, dinner, music and hopefully relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 11428.

WELL TRAVELLED LADY, late 40s, blonde, slim, seeks male to swop stories, share experiences. Should be any age and nationality, good communicator. Box 11528.

MARRIED BUT bored guy, 35, 6', blonde, solvent, seeks attractive lady for uncomplicated, discreet affair. ALA. Cheshire. Photo please. Box 11628.

MALE, 34, GOOD-LOOKING, professional, solvent, seeks, intelligent, attractive, slim, n/s, lady, 24-32 for fun/friendship/relationship. Box 11728.

ATTRACTIVE INTELLIGENT articulate very fit athletic lady 25-40 with GSoH sought by similar sincere solvent 40s professional. Phone, photo please. Box 11828.

ABERDEEN-BASED executive, 40, tall, dark, maybe handsome, seeks lively, clever, forceful female for laughs, love, lots of fun, sharing of mutual interests. Box 11928.

SURROUNDED BUT lonely male, early 40s, Asian religion, seeks relationship/friendship with lady aged 24-44. Box 12028.

ANNIE TO SLEEPLESS in Seattle. How can you dream about me if you're wide awake? Close your eyes and count to 24 (of September)!

Eye Soldier

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT Blackadder seeks "Bob". Midlands. Box 1727.

GALLANT CAPTAIN requires lady to champion. Currently single, 28 and living in West Country. Photo appreciated. Box 12128.

ALL AT SEA! Young officers seek female correspondence, 18-30. Box 12228

OPENING LINES

How Does It Work?

Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

PROFESSIONAL MARRIED GENTLEMAN 39, with athletic good looks, seeks suntanned blonde/brunette lady with style for discreet fun. South/South West. Ring 0839 514322

BARBIE SEEKS KEN. Academic, city type or ad man? Think there's more to life than plastic? Ring 0839 514762

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0839 514222

ADVENTUROUS, ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT, slim female designer, 32. Seeks intelligent, fit, good looking, positive and spiritual man for genuine relationship. NS, 26 to 38. Ring 0839 516010

EASYGOING, ADVENTUROUS, seeking daytime fun and frolics? Two straight, 27 year old, active rugby playing mavericks, covering SE London, will provide discreet rendezvous. Ring 0839 514533

BEAUTIFUL, AWARE, INTELLIGENT, humorous and successful female, 28, seeks similar male, 28-40. Call me to find out more. Ring 0839 516018

TALL ATTRACTIVE MAN, 34, successful, professional. Positive, energetic, passionate and complex. Seeks woman 25+ with similar characteristics. Ring 0839 514615

TRULY ATTRACTIVE, well travelled, sophisticated, 90s black woman, seeks tall, handsome, professional, solvent, single man, age 40-55, to share the good things in life. Ring 0839 516042

OUTSTANDINGLY ATTRACTIVE MALE professional, 40s, successful, creative, athletic, caring. There must be a catch, you say, well, ring and find out.... Ring 0839 516046

BEAUTIFUL, STYLISH, SENSUAL LADY, 31, 5ft 6in, very feminine, loves good conversation and laughter, looking for well-spoken, witty, professional guy for one:one relationship. Ring 0839 516086

I SEEK A CHARMING young lady, who would offer inspiration and enchantment to an elderly man of wealth and culture in professional practice and travel. Ring 0839 516054

ATTRACTIVE, SEPARATED, FEMININE lady, 43, 5ft 4ins, slim, blonde, caring, solvent, enjoys music, dancing, dining out or in, seeks attractive white male, 5ft 9ins plus, sense of humour, unattached, 40 - 52. Ring 0839 516090

THE SEARCH FOR A LADY might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines lady advertisers, then why not try our new Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0839 514333

SENSITIVE, SINCERE, CARING, loving female, Scorpio, 41. Seeks tall, white male, 33-43, with like qualities for honest friendship, hopefully leading to lasting romantic relationship. Ring 0839 516093

INCURABLE ROMANTIC AUSTRALIAN gentleman, 27, (thats me), looking for friendship, relationship and good times with a romantic woman, 20-26 (thats you). Ring 0839 516059

ATTRACTIVE DIVORCEE, 40, 5ft 5in, slim. Seeking a gentle giant 5ft 10in or over. Honest & reliable for friendship & evenings out. Must have GSOH. Ring 0839 516097

TIRED OF GETTING A TABLE FOR ONE. Male journalist, 33, seeks female soulmate, 25-35, who is intelligent, easy-going and attractive, for wining, dining, etc. Ring 0839 516066

CONFIDENT, TALL, ATTRACTIVE, 32 year old black female, seeks 6ft plus white male with SOH friendship/hopefully romance 30+. Ring 0839 516119

MUSIC EXECUTIVE, tall, good looking, seeks intelligent, beautiful woman, (under 26), any race/ nationality, for exciting, romantic relationship, sharing London nightlife, country weekends, tropical holidays. Ring 0839 516122

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE LADY, Requires The Impossible. Ring 0839 516126

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 36p per minute cheap rate and 48p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd. PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

DISCOVER A NEW AND VERY SPECIAL WORLD OF PLEASURE

THE JOURNAL OF

erotica

Enjoy the very best erotic stories and photographs, beautifully created and stylishly presented. No advertising – just wonderful delights from beginning to end.

Each quarterly 128-page large-format colour volume is superbly printed and bound in gold-embossed covers. A true pleasure for you to enjoy again and again.

Savour this refreshingly new and intimate experience with our special introductory offers. I promise you'll be delighted.
Please write to me:

To: Julia Thompson, Editor
THE JOURNAL OF EROTICA
Midsummer Books Ltd
FREEPOST
PO Box 2822
London W6 0BR

❑ Please send me without obligation a sample issue for the special price of **£9.50** (normal price £12.50). [Overseas customers: £11.50.]

OR SAVE £10

❑ Please enrol me as a Founding Subscriber for 4 volumes at the special reduced price of **£39.50** (normal price £50). [Overseas customers: £49.50.]

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

❑ Please charge my credit card ❑ Access ❑ Visa ❑ Diners Club ❑ Amex

Number

Expiry Date _____ Signature _____

❑ I enclose a cheque for the above amount

You may return any volume within 14 days for full refund, and you may cancel your subscription at any time with full refund for unmailed copies. This offer is valid until 31.12.93

Your name and order will, of course, be handled in the strictest confidence

1001 H

ORDER HOTLINE 081-740 9554
SAVE £10 WITH THIS SPECIAL OFFER

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £15 Europe & Eire: £22 Elsewhere: Surface £22 Air £28

Magazines to:

NAME

ADDRESS

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . .

OR

Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ____ / ____

Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

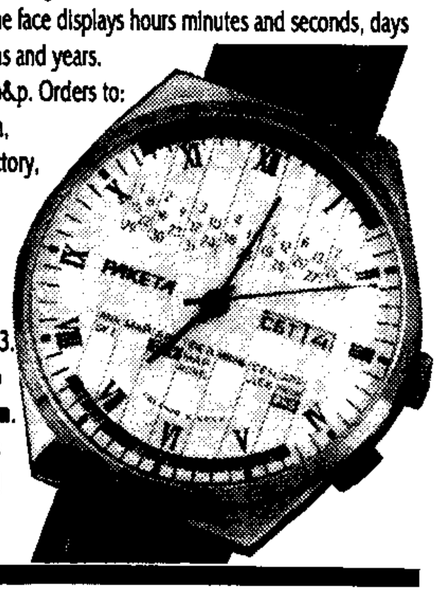
OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 071 228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 071 924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

A RUSSIAN DATE

From Russia comes this interesting **Perpetual Calendar Wrist Watch** with mechanical movement. Precision engineered in the former Soviet Union with gilded gold case, the face displays hours minutes and seconds, days of the week, months and years.

Price: **£49.95** inc. p&p. Orders to:
Clockwork & Steam,
Old Marmalade Factory,
7 Park End St,
Oxford, OX1 1HU.
Credit card tel:
0865 200321
fax: 0865 200323.
Cheques payable to
Clockwork & Steam.
Please allow 14 days delivery. Guaranteed 2 months.



ROLEX WE BUY
THE BEST DEAL GUARANTEED

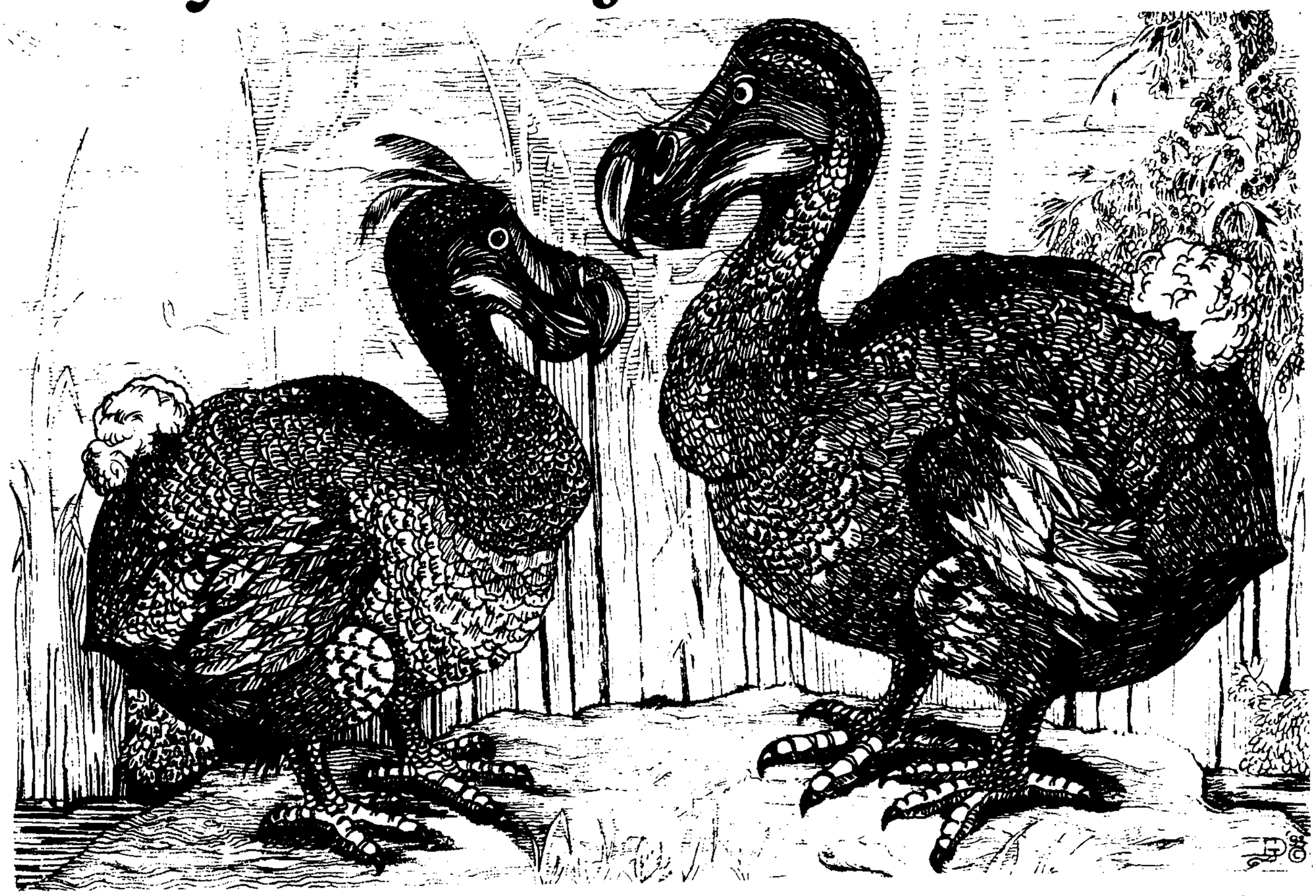
£750 MIN. UPTO £7000 CASH PAID INSTANTLY FOR CURRENT • GMT SUBMARINER•DAYTONA DAY-DATE•EXPLORER II

WANTED
ROLEX *Cartier* PATEK
Breitling HEUER *PIAGET*
& ALL FINE WATCHES,
GOLD OR STEEL, OLD & NEW
DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY

Bassange
Jewellers since 1950
7 HATTON GARDEN
LONDON EC1
TEL: 071 242 3152
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

BRING IN OR SEND REGISTERED POST
WE PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES, IMMEDIATELY

They didn't join Dateline



Maybe that's why they're extinct

Raphus Cucullatus: *one of three species constituting the family Raphidae. Extinct since the Seventeenth Century the flightless bird of Mauritius might not now be 'as dead as a dodo' had it migrated to the Northern Hemisphere where computer dating is now a trusted method of forming life-long partnerships.*

DATELINE BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER

People who meet through Dateline tend to form long lasting relationships. Whatever your age, social background or geographical location, Dateline is a fun, affordable and exciting way to meet people. Don't be a dodo – fill in the coupon opposite and post today.

Whether you are looking for new friends or a partner for life, Dateline could be for you

Please send me more information about Dateline.
I would also like information on Dateline Gold ☐ another way for people to meet.

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

. . . . . .

POSTCODE . . . . . **AGE** . . .

POST this coupon in confidence and without any obligation TODAY

Dateline

23 Abingdon Road, London, W8 6AL. Tel: 071 938 1011

PE22

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971